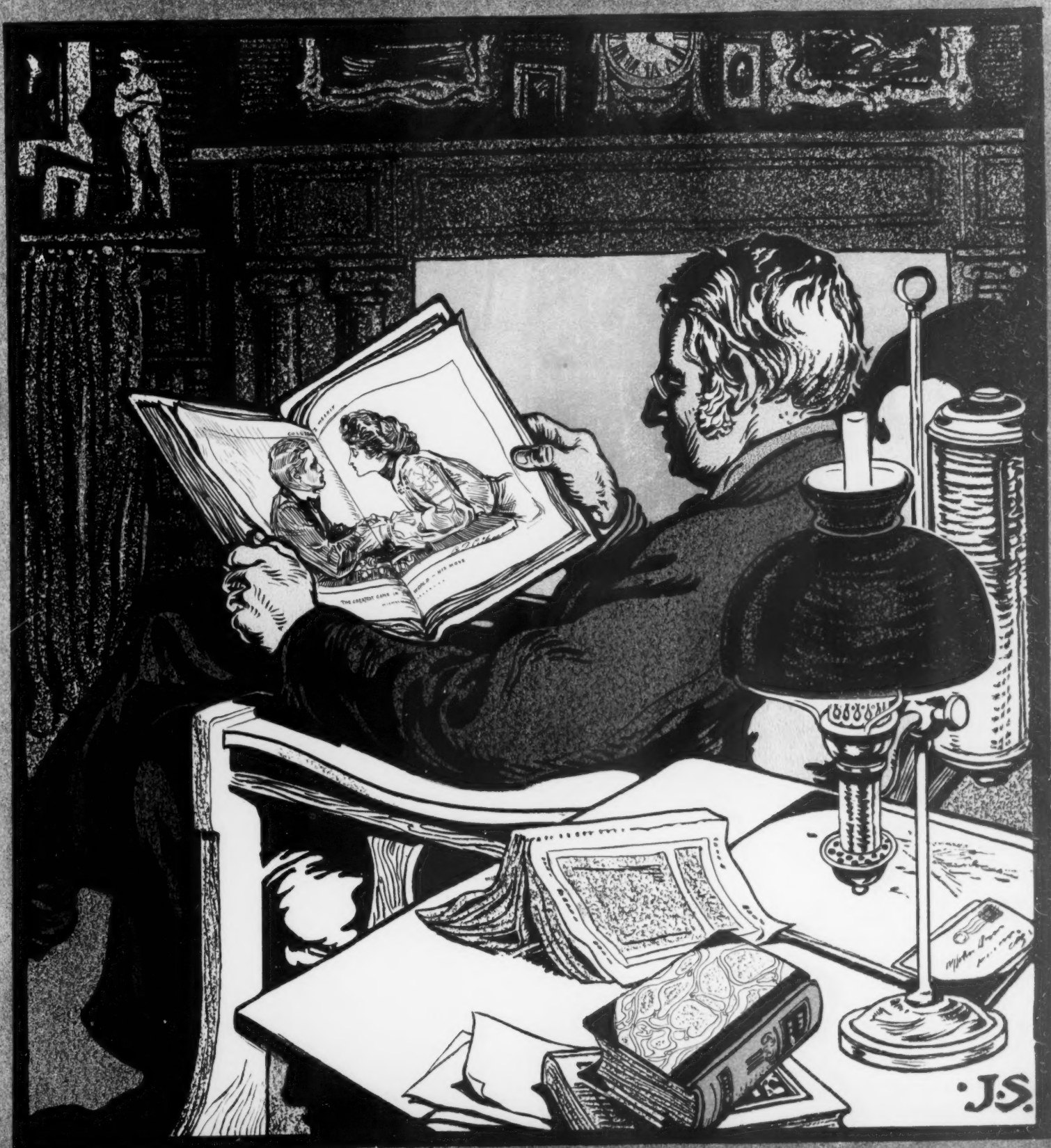


Collier's

JANUARY

2, 1904





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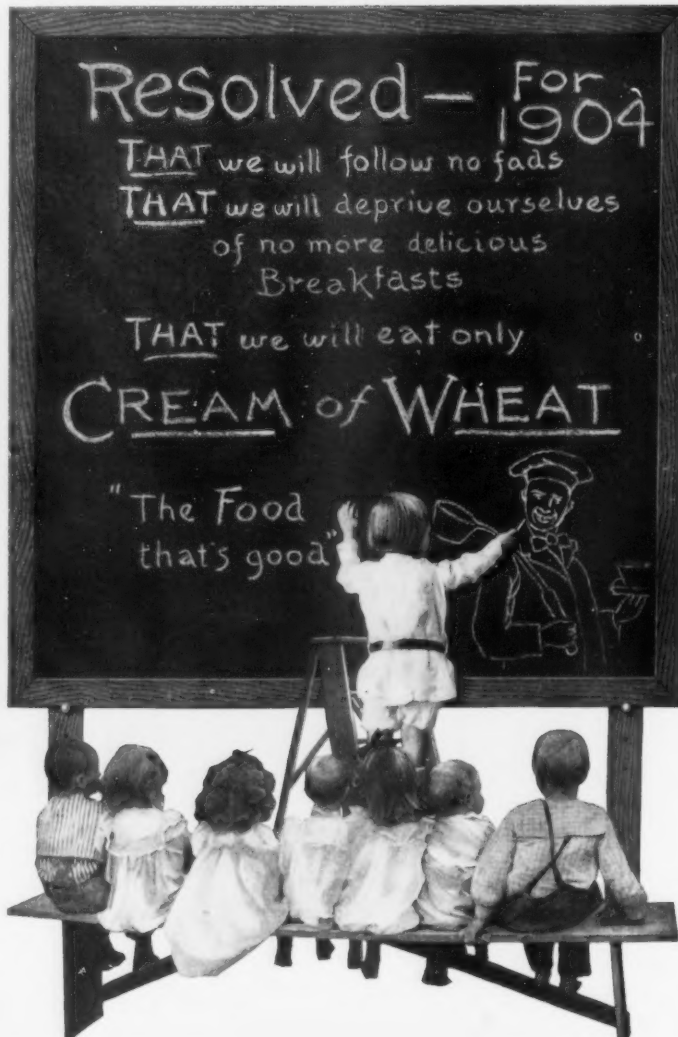
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This half-tone reproduction of "Autumn Riches" only partially conveys the beauty and design of the lithographed plaques.

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With Calendar Plaque for 1904

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CLEANING HOUSE.



HARD TIMES WHO CARES ABOUT THE PASSENGER?



WILL THEY COME TO BLOWS?



PREPARING FOR HER FIRST PARTY.



OPENING HIS NEW LEDGER.



LEFT BEHIND



OUT IN THE COLD



CAN HE HOLD IT DOWN?



THE PANAMA QUESTION.



WANTED A NOMINEE.

THE BEQUESTS OF 1903

DRAWN BY F. T. RICHARDS



1903

An Editorial Review of the Past Year

THE YEAR JUST PAST has seen the United States playing a somewhat different but no less conspicuous rôle in the world than she played in 1902. The centre of attention has to some degree shifted from commerce to politics, and the protagonist is now rather President ROOSEVELT than J. P. MORGAN, to whom was awarded the intensest glare of limelight in the year which preceded. To the nation at large the actors assigned to leading rôles make less difference than would be imagined from temporary excitement over the changes, and essentially the situation in the United States is what it was a year ago. One month the Northern Securities steps into the centre of the stage, then the Steel Trust, the Panama rebellion, the State and city elections, the boll weevil, copper, JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, cotton prices, Corea, or Servia, but behind the sensation of the moment can be felt always the general condition of the people, and, observing that, we say that the real 1903 has been one of satisfaction and prosperity. Crops have been good, the expanse of the country has been confident, and anxiety in the Wall Street centre of gambling has not been too seriously received by the world at large. In foreign politics we have had our usual luck, a convenient incident probably bringing nearer the Isthmian Canal, the Alaskan award being in our favor, and the European world continuing its attentions to the newly popular heiress, Columbia. We have ceased to frighten the industrial world abroad as much as we did a year ago, and talk of a European coalition abroad against us has subsided, but we are still as high on top of the tidal wave of prosperity, and good luck, and there are no signs ahead of darker fortune.

PROSPECT AND
RETROSPECT

THE CANAL COMES FIRST, in the year's news, as affecting America, and perhaps even from the foreign viewpoint also. After the advocates of Panama had won in the long fight against the Nicaragua route, and a liberal price had been fixed, one of the gangs which compose what is called the "Government" at Bogota undertook to hold the United States up for more. That class of citizens who habitually put themselves in the place of the semi-barbaric nations, without any information about their actual motives or contention, when a conflict is threatened by the spread of civilization, told us how opposed the inhabitants of Colombia were to any canal at all. However that may be, the inhabitants of Panama saw a chance for ten million dollars and seized it, with no great discouragement from Washington. Colombia saw herself illustrating one of Æsop's fables, and received little sympathy from anybody. The treaty rights are a complicated matter, and

THE YEAR'S
GREAT EVENT

we imagine they have been interpreted more astutely than they would have been against Great Britain or Germany, but as many able and honorable statesmen, including our Secretary of State, have been able to make the treaty harmonize with our recognition of Panama, and consequent solution of the Canal problem, nobody here, outside of those who might be dubbed the chronic Little Americans, feels very badly, and the ablest editorial opinions in Great Britain have supported our Government's course, which has also had the mild approval of some of the most enlightened religious organs. On the whole, dealing with an untrustworthy and corrupt little nation, we have fought the devil with fire to an extent so limited that the general conscience is not perturbed, but is glad to see factious difficulties laid to rest, and one of the world's vast enterprises on the verge of opening. Colombia has been treated like a child spanked, and quietly removed from the path of grown men. For these reasons we hardly expect the Democrats to fight the Panama route to the bitter end.

SOME THINGS ARE DRAMATIC and some are important, and they are not always the same. The most theatrical event of 1903 was the change of dynasty in Servia, but it had about as much importance to the world at large as the elopement of some Hapsburg princess. Perhaps nothing in the foreign world is of closer interest to us than the campaign begun by JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN. Guessing about its outcome remains nothing better than guessing, however magniloquently expressed, but if Mr. CHAMBERLAIN succeeds in converting the British Empire to a tariff to be used for its own solidarity and for the purpose of clubbing other countries into reciprocity, the effect upon our tariff history will obviously be considerable. Lord SALIS-

THE FOREIGN
PANORAMA

BURY's death came when his career was ended. The long step taken ahead in Great Britain's treatment of Ireland is one which has caused rejoicing everywhere. A happening abroad in which our interests have been seriously concerned is the tightening Russian hold on Manchuria. Secretary HAY has done all that any one man could to strengthen our commercial rights, but, of course, he can do nothing to prevent or even delay the absorption. Russia abandoned her promise to evacuate in October with hardly a pretext, according to her immemorial habit, but nobody is prepared to fight with her for lying when she chooses, unless it be Japan, who has practically the universal sympathy of Americans in forbidding absolutely any further Russian trifling with Corea. The Bear buys some innocent-looking privilege in a country, and then proceeds to extend it with extreme rapidity into practical ownership. Against that process in Corea, Japan intends to fight. Japanese victory, either in combat or diplomacy, means the conservation of our trading interests in the East. Russian victory brings a menace, and nobody fails to see that Russia's position in Asia is stronger to-day than it was a year ago. The Bear has also affected us unfavorably by slaughtering some hundred Jews and thus incidentally frightening more toward America, at a time when immigration is becoming almost an actual political issue. Russia has also distinguished herself during the year by increased brutality toward the Finns. In German relations to America there has been no tangible developments. The Pope's death removed the greatest figure on the earth, but its effect on world policy is so far unknown.

OUR DIRECT FOREIGN RELATIONS have undergone one important change, the decision of the Alaska Commission in our favor not only confirming us in advantages of importance, but removing the only source of friction with Great Britain. Temporarily it has excited Americaphobia along our northern border, but when our Canadian friends have had sufficient time for cool reflection they will realize that their Commissioners as well as ours had publicly expressed the bitterest partisanship in advance and that the decision was determined by the only disinterested member of the body, a man of the highest judicial standing, after the most elaborate argument and evidence. As to the practical result, we are merely confirmed in the possession of what we have previously claimed and used. With Cuba our relations are closer than with any foreign countries, and we have at last ratified a treaty with her, with little credit to ourselves. During the time that she has waited, she has made such trade relations with other countries, and made such successful economic efforts at home, that she is less dependent upon us than she was, and her trade is likely to mean less to us than it would have meant if we had confirmed the treaty with the promptness demanded by an ordinary sense of honor. We may rejoice mildly, nevertheless, in the ultimate accomplishment of something, little as it is. A somewhat similar condition faces us in the Philippines, which we continue to exploit, through our tariff, to our advantage and their loss, taking money out of their pockets by the brutality of force. The Philippines also are losing Governor TAFT, who goes to the War Department to replace Mr. ROOT, whose conduct of that department has been universally admired, for showing strength in all directions and especially in putting the army on what is believed to be a far more effective basis than the one in which he found it. Mr. TAFT's succession leaves the Filipinos in the hands of a Governor who may or may not turn out to be their friend.

OUR CLOSER
RELATIONS

LABOR TROUBLES have been less serious than during the preceding year, although strikes have driven millions of business out of Chicago, held up building in New York, and produced more or less stagnation in other places. SAM PARKS is safely in Sing Sing, and has publicly admitted the error of his ways. Capital has played a bigger part in the year's news than labor. The new Cabinet department has done nothing apparent, but the President and the Attorney-General have so pressed the SHERMAN Law that the Northern Securities Company has been declared illegal at the first trial, and is now before the full bench of the Supreme Court. The collapse of the Shipbuilding Trust, the great drop in steel, the flattening out of Mr. MORGAN's dramatic International Navigation Company, and the general collapse of securities, have combined to force values back to a basis of actuality. Mr. MORGAN's "undigested securities" have proved to be indigestible, without the squeezing out of lakes of water, a task which has been effectively performed. Some people attribute the fall in values to the President, some to the assault of bears like the ROCKEFELLERS and GEORGE GOULD, whose

INDUSTRY AND
COMMERCE



mysterious activities in the market have undoubtedly included hostility to some large interests, such as the Pennsylvania Railroad, but the general opinion is that the drop merely means the end of "capitalizing prosperity,"—prosperity remaining, nevertheless. The fact that market values could be so radically reduced without essential injury to business has much strengthened foreign confidence in the genuineness of our prosperity. As far as the real basis of good times is concerned—agriculture—all the crops are good except cotton, and the shortage in that article may benefit the South, which most needs benefit, at the expense of foreign manufactures and the New England mills. The permanent results can not yet be foreseen. Great Britain, France, Germany, and Russia will all make greater efforts to increase the output in localities which they control.

IN THE REALM OF POLITICS purely domestic, the most conspicuous achievement has been one of purification. In this cleansing work Mr. ROOSEVELT has done more than in any other accomplishment to make himself secure in the favor of thoughtful Americans. It has been discouraging, no doubt, to see uncovered such a mass of mercenary callousness and depravity, but it has been a wholesome experience, or rather the beginning of one, for we seem to be hardly beyond the threshold. The moral slackness of American political life has been long known, but not since the Star Route Scandals has it been brought so relentlessly to the light. In backing Mr. BRISTOW's investigation, in apparently going over the head of Mr. PAYNE and his foolish "hot air" scepticism, in appointing prominent Democratic lawyers to aid in the investigation, and in preparing to perform similar sanitary feats in other departments, the President has shown his fundamental integrity and usefulness. In more local purification the first place belongs to Circuit-Attorney FOLK, of St. Louis, whose success during the year just past has made him a national figure. Next to the activity against corruption, the most impressive purely internal development has been the enlivening of the negro question, partly by lynchings and the crimes which caused them, partly by the President's not always tactful activities, largely through the schemes of such politicians as GORMAN, and a little by the moralists of New England and their breed elsewhere. A system of peonage has been unearthed in various Southern States, and some of the offenders punished by Southern judges. There has been some talk of repealing the reconstruction amendments, and so endeavoring to undo the harm they caused, but the Southern States reach that end in their own way, and any active movement for repeal seems unlikely.

DEVELOPMENTS AT HOME

PERSONAL EQUATIONS IN POLITICS have undergone some modifications. A new power has been hailed in Mr. WILLIAMS, Democratic leader in the House. GROVER CLEVELAND has spoken against his own nomination for the Presidency so unmistakably that nothing but a tidal wave of feeling could make him the standard-bearer. In the pivotal State of New York the Democratic machine has acknowledged a master in CHARLES F. MURPHY, who organized the Tammany victory, and the Republican machine has at last slipped out of the hands of PLATT into those of ODELL. TOM JOHNSON has been buried under Republican success in Ohio, and Mr. BRYAN occupies a position that has seen little change in a year. For the Republican Presidential nomination next June there are only two candidates. Mr. ROOSEVELT has displeased the money men, and Senator HANNA is their candidate. Mr. HANNA's support of PERRY HEATH in the postal investigation, and his opposition to General WOOD for punishing the wrong-doing of a friend of HANNA's in Cuba, have called attention, if it was needed, to the fact that Mr. HANNA, able as he is, stands for extreme machine methods, necessarily fostering a general low moral standard in public affairs. The President has lost some friends through tactlessness, through favoritism to General WOOD, through a growing weariness over his insistent strenuous talk, and, lately, over the excessively difficult situation on the Isthmus; but behind all his errors is seen, by the great body of the people, the fact that he is, to a greater degree than most men, independent, brave, fair to conflicting interests, and, above all, upright and anxious to serve the right, whether it be in eradicating corruption or in seeking justice for Cuba or the Philippines. As long as he seeks to keep such men as Mr. HAY, Mr. ROOT, and Mr. TAFT in his councils, the preponderance of vivacity over depth in his composition is hardly likely to lead us into foreign difficulties, and at home he is the most useful of citizens. During the year he has grown really stronger, partly for the enemies he has made.

PERSONAL EQUATIONS

ARTS AND EVEN SCIENCES take a minor place in the bird's-eye view of a year, in this industrial age, but in the domain of science there is flagrantly in the foreground the discovery of radium, which has aroused popular interest of much intensity. Science has lost her foremost contemporary servant in HERBERT SPENCER, and America in WHISTLER has lost one of the two greatest painters she has ever claimed—doubtful as the claim may seem. England loses HENLEY and PHIL MAY. Necrology, indeed, is the sharpest reminder we have that the arts are alive among us and important. Most of us in the whirl of life remember only when WHISTLER dies that his life means more in the long run than the life of many a statesman or king of business. We do not chronicle, in the year's work, a picture painted by SARGENT or a poem written by KIPLING, but we realize when a great artist falls before the universal conqueror how large the misfortune is. If an attempt were made to select the most notable literary productions of the year, opinions would differ widely. Our own choice would be JOHN MORLEY'S "Life of Gladstone" in England, and HELEN KELLER'S "Story of My Life" in America. In the drama in English the first place this year belongs easily to J. M. BARRIE, with his "Admirable Crichton" and "Little Mary." This novelist, indeed, is rapidly putting himself at the head of the contemporary English theatre. The stage in America hardly needs a chronicler.

SWEETNESS AND LIGHT

THE NEW YEAR promises to be even fuller of stirring incident than the one which has passed. An ordinary Presidential year is thrilling enough, but this one is intensified by the excitement which centres in St. Louis, where the world will celebrate a momentous movement in our history; by the situation at Panama, where there may be complications and where work may begin before long; by the ominous determination of Russia and Japan, and our own interest in any conflict which may occur; all these dynamic probabilities added to the unexpected, which has been so vigorously happening to us in recent years. Nations no longer fight from bravado, as small boys do over a chip, but they still fight for what they deem essential to their welfare, and it is a long time since there has been a clear clash of interests as essential as those which Russia and Japan have at stake in Asia. A war once started may be ended by the two beginners, or it may easily spread, so great are the prizes lying about the Orient. No such possibilities face us in Central America. There the greatest difficulties are differences of conscience, which might be rendered acute if Colombia should experiment with a little fighting. Fortunate is our position, which puts us beyond the lines of danger, and our circumstances, which promise plenty to eat and wear ahead. The spirit in which we greet the entrance of 1904 is one of confidence and good cheer.

1904

RESOLUTIONS FOR THE NEW YEAR are not made by nations, but it seems well enough to look about, nevertheless, and see what the objects are for which we should particularly strive. There is a proverb that nobility implies obligations, and there might equally well be one that good fortune has its debts. We are very rich, and free from trouble, and so governed, by tradition and by law, that all our people have a chance at progress and education. In some cases duty is clear, the "stern daughter of the voice of God," as Wordsworth called it, "a light to guide," as well as "a rod to check the erring and reprove."

"Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
And the most ancient heavens, through
Thee, are fresh and strong."

That the spirit of moral obligations applies to nations as well as to individuals, is a belief that has grown of late, and is one of the most spiritual results of government by public opinion. When a situation is not clear, but consciences differ honestly, as about our duties on the Isthmus, it is a case for **RESOLVED** reasoning and information more than for impassioned appeals to moral sense, and the same truth holds of as two-sided a problem as is offered by the presence of the negro. Other matters, however, clearly call for nothing but a moral spirit and determined effort. Justice to Cuba, justice to the Philippines—generosity, indeed if possible, to both—an absolute stand against the corruption in national, State, and city government, that is so large a blot upon our record—these tasks belong to us all, of any political faith; and to the members of each great party belongs the obligation to choose for the approaching fight a leader who shall represent what is best in the party's principles. The Democrats should avoid a demagogue and the Republicans a boodler.



SEVEN DAYS

AN ILLUSTRATED REVIEW OF THE WORLD'S EVENTS



JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS, LEADER

IN a Washington hotel one day, John Sharp Williams found himself one of a group which was lionizing Collis P. Huntington. The great man was enjoying his favorite relaxation from business cares; he was telling again the secret of his success, beginning with that famous first dollar that he saved.

"I made one rule early in life, and I have always kept it," he said. "I never allow pleasure to interfere with work."

"I prefer never to allow work to interfere with pleasure. So you will excuse me now," said Williams and withdrew.

His words are not to be taken literally. They were a characteristic protest against Philistinism, spoken with a student's joy in taking a rise out of self-assertiveness.

His reputation with the gallery was made during the Sampson-Schley controversy. At a moment when the House was keyed to a high pitch of bitter feeling, the member from Mississippi created a diversion by reciting a poem. One of the verses ran:

"No other sailor ever sat
Behind a desk and fought
As glorious a fight as that
Or planned as grand a plot."

He did not attack Sampson, but chose as a better object of his ridicule the officious head of the Bureau of Navigation, who had the longest record ashore of any man in the navy. Crowninshield was as irresistible a mark as the First Lord in "Pinafore," who

"stuck close to his desk and never went
To sea,
And now he is the ruler of the Queen's
Navee."

Williams will never escape from this bit of doggerel. Since he became leader, letters asking him for a copy flow into the minority-room from all parts of the country. It is more popular than his recent speech in which he outlined his party's policy on the tariff.

His saving grace of humor, his poise, his fondness for going to the quizzical extreme in order to restore the balance when passion runs high, and his sense of human fellowship are of a part with his early environment and his distinction as the best educated man in the House of Representatives.

When his father was killed at Shiloh he was seven years old. His family was one of the fortunate ones that saved a competency from the wreck of the war. From his father's side he inherited real estate in Memphis and from his mother's many thousand acres of cotton land in Mississippi. He had sufficient money to allow him to follow his bent, and his guardian was willing that he should. The nature of his bent is expressed on the flyleaf of one of his old French exercise-books which Mrs. Williams came across the other day. He had written his initials "J. S. W." and opposite them in a bracket, "Agriculture, law, and politics."

As a student abroad at Heidelberg, Paris, and Dijon he devoted himself to political economy. When he returned to the homeland he studied law in the office of Senator Isham G. Harris in Memphis; then he settled in Yazoo City to practice, but principally busied himself with his plantation, clearing up what debts there were on the estate. He was not in a hurry to enter public life; in fact, he is not at all of the precocious, the strenuous, or the hurrying type. Not until he was thirty-eight was he elected to the House. Since then he has given up law and agriculture for politics.

He has never been abroad since his student days. At the end of every session he talks of going, but always returns to Yazoo, which, he says, is the best summer resort in America, if you only know how to keep cool there; but John Sharp Williams knows how to keep cool anywhere. Among his own people he is always called "John Sharp." That comes naturally, as his mother's people, the Sharps, were a great family in Yazoo. He is of the South Southern, with both the accent and the soft felt hat. He has the provincialism of the man with a wide horizon who likes his own people best. His idea of rest is to sit on his veranda at Yazoo, with plenty of good books to read and watch the cotton grow and the negroes harvest it.

Yazoo is in the heart of the black belt—a land of heat and of plenty. The plantations are vast and the rich black loam of the levels produces a bale to the acre. The relations of owner and field hands have the

Cannon then named a man from Mississippi as having every qualification.

"Do you suppose that I'm going to place him to look after Rivers and Harbors when all my plantations are along the levees?" was the answer. "The minority leader, like Caesar's wife, must be above suspicion."

It was Williams's integrity, his bonhomie, and his ability as a debater that gave him the leadership. But these three qualities by no means make a leader. The Democrats themselves have been surprised at his development. "Sharp" is the same good fellow as before. He is in no wise arbitrary. His discipline is of the inductive type. He keeps his followers together at once with the grace of his camaraderie in the cloak-room, and his mastery of the situation on the floor.

"He *may* be the best educated man in the South," a Tammany member said, after Williams had been in Congress for some time. The Tammany member expected Latin quotations, presumably. Of course Williams is too well educated to make a point of his education. Its effect on the training of his mind is as valuable as the effect of the summer with his books on the Yazoo veranda; and it is because he never loses his perspective that he never loses his temper. In all except the impassioned harangue he is a Southerner of the old, leisurely school.

The Democratic leader sits in the centre aisle, well back under the shadow of the gallery. His slight figure seems unimpressive beside that of the robust Payne, the Republican leader. His linen is as fleckless as any Southern gentleman's. If otherwise he is not careless about his clothes, he is at least careful not to appear too tidy. Changing styles do not affect the old-fashioned standing collar with the wide opening at the throat and his little black tie. The tie is never securely in a bow, and when it falls down some intuition seems to remind him of the fact and he ties it up loosely again, just as he would adjust his spectacles.

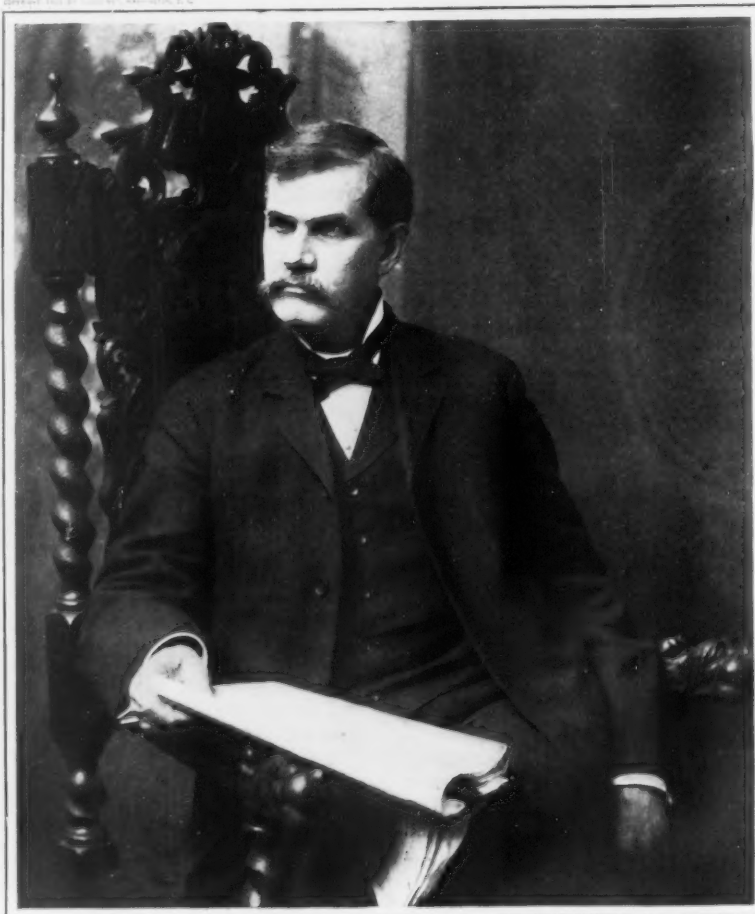
"Williams is always in fatigue dress, but his mind is always on active service," said a fellow member. "If I ever see that tie in a tight bow I am going to break a lance with him. I believe he might lose his temper, then."

If he is never really impassioned, at times he is deeply in earnest. He may even seem angry if he wishes to arouse an opponent's anger. When the opponent breaks into righteous indignation, then he

adjusts his spectacles and puts his hand to his ear. His spectacles and his deafness are to him what his baton is to an orchestra leader.

He rises slowly and seats himself slowly, as if he were a little tired, and speaks from his desk without stepping into the aisle. Let Mr. Payne get righteously and oratorically indignant about the insinuation that the majority is trying to cover up something, and Williams's manner gives new life to the old minority contention that he merely wanted to assist the majority in its fervid desire for publicity. Nothing serves his method quite so well as an adversary, with a red face and a piston-like gesture.

On the last day before the adjournment for the holidays four of the Republican leaders were driving at him at once. All seemed to tower over him physically. He looked from one to the other with a sort of naive wonder that he, who wanted to get all the

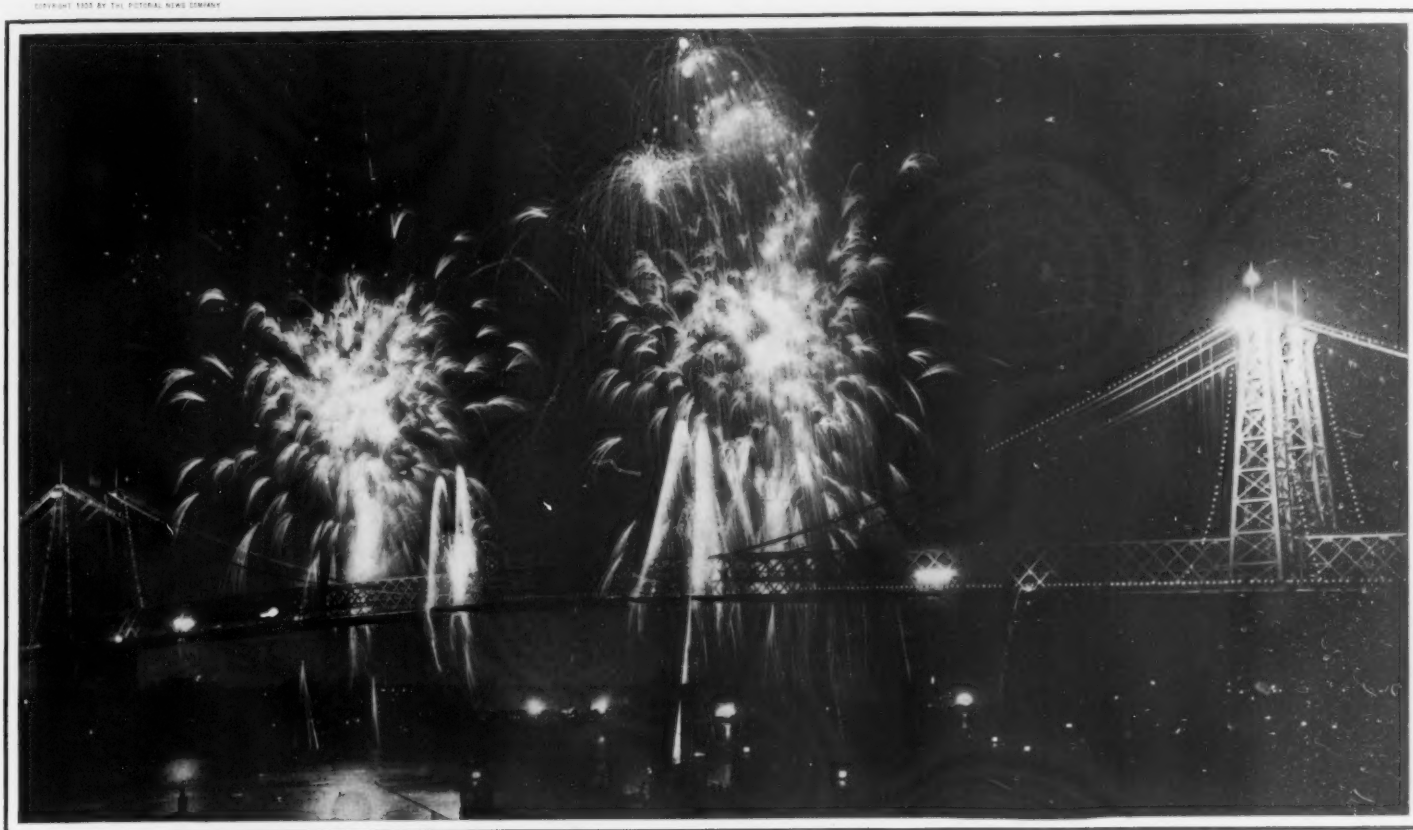


JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS

Representative from Mississippi and Democratic Leader in the Lower House

simplicity of feudalism. Political activity exists entirely within the ranks of the Democratic party. In the election of 1898, there were forty-three Republican votes cast in Mr. Williams's district; two years later, seventeen, and in the last election, none.

There are many districts, and Southern districts, too, where he would probably never have received any office. He would have remained at home, a wise man and a good fellow. Congress to him does not mean a good job. His point of view, in this respect, was illustrated by one of the few cases in which Speaker Cannon did not accept the assignments that he made of the minority to committee places. He had named a member from North Carolina for Rivers and Harbors. "I can't let you have your way in this, Sharp," said Cannon. "He would make the seventh man from the Atlantic Coast on this committee. That is impossible." Williams was in a quandary as to a second choice.



FIREWORKS DISPLAY AT THE OPENING OF THE NEW EAST RIVER BRIDGE, NEW YORK, DECEMBER 19, 1903

papers about the post-office scandal except such as would defeat the "aims of justice" laid before the House, could possibly raise such a storm—such a storm about such a simple matter under a democratic form of government! The orator with a clarion voice who came down the aisle toward him, hammering the hollow of his hand with his fist, made Williams especially hard of hearing. In reply he called for the vote.

and the Republicans adopted his resolution to put the papers before the House instead of before a committee, as the majority had planned. When his fellow Democrats congratulated him in the lobby, he said: "We made our point," and began laughing and talking about generalities.

His distinction is that he does gain ground, whether by bucking the centre or by slipping around the ends;

and it must not be supposed that slipping around the ends is his only forte. He can be as righteously indignant as any other parliamentarian, but he has the art of keeping his indignation in control. Debate, not oratorical onslaught, however, is his true field. When Bourke Cockran is back in Congress, the leader can assign the oratorical onslaughts and mere physical display to the member from New York.

MORMON CHURCH GRAPPLES WITH TRADES UNIONS

THE strike of Utah coal miners has enlisted the influence of the Mormon Church against labor unions. This is one sensational feature of a struggle in which militia were ordered out before they were needed, county government and courts were given over to the ends of the coal operators, who placed behind bars all persons who displeased them, and the rise of a picturesque labor leader, Charles Demolli.

Among coal miners of the West, this new strike marshal has won power second only to that of John Mitchell. He holds commanding sway over an army of foreign miners, and has said "No violence." They have remained docile. If Demolli had said, "Let us fight," Utah would have been in the sort of turmoil which has swept mining Colorado. He has obeyed the orders of John Mitchell, and enforced obedience in the ranks.

The war has been waged along other lines. Because the Mormon Church opposes the strikers, organized labor threatens to throw its national influence against Smoot in the Senate. The open hostility of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints to labor unions has its origin in the tithing system. Each disciple in good standing gives a tenth of his income to the Church. Should he join a labor union his loyalty would be divided. If he quit work, the bishop would not get the tithing.

At present Utah mines supply coal to Idaho, Montana, Oregon, Washington, and California, while the coke goes to the great smelting industries in the Salt Lake Valley and Anaconda. Nearly all the mines in active operation are located in Carbon County, in the east-central part of the State. The corporation owning them is controlled by George J. Gould and John D. Rockefeller.

When the "Gentiles" took hold of the Carbon County mines, for a long time Mormon employees were in the majority. The miners were quiet, law-abiding, industrious, and devout, and paid their tithing to the Church. The mine operators could save money by using cheap foreign labor. They began bringing in Italians and Finns, with a few Slavs and Welsh, crowding out the tithe-payers. The Mormons resented this, but they followed their usual policy of "suffering in silence" and biding their time. Their opportunity finally came.

For years the coal company was well satisfied with its policy. The foreigners were willing to work cheaply and to vote substantially as they were told. They made from \$65 to \$75 a month, with which they were contented, until recently the spirit of unrest pervaded the miners of the West. A strike was ordered by the United Mine Workers in "District 15," comprising Utah, Colorado, Wyoming, and New Mexico. At first the Utah miners refused to go out. Then came Demolli.

This remarkable man was born in Brussels, Belgium, thirty-three years ago. His father was a horse-trainer and circus attaché of Italian birth. His mother was a native of Como. While he was still an infant, they returned to Italy. There the spirit of rebellion against the Government was instilled into him. He saw a

people groaning under oppression and heavy taxation. Receiving an academic education at Milan, he entered the army. Four regiments, in one of which he was a sergeant, were ordered to the marble quarries to suppress a strike. The command to fire was given, and not a shot was heard from all those troops. That was the spirit surrounding him in his early manhood.

Demolli took part in the "Como Revolution" in 1895, and was banished for ten years. Coming to the United States he entered the coal mines at Hazleton, Pennsylvania. There he learned the principles of unionism more thoroughly and began writing on labor and socialistic topics for Italian publications. He founded three different Italian papers, one of which is now running in New York as a daily. His influence increased, and he attracted the attention of John Mitchell, who gave him more prominence in the mine workers' organization. Moving to Trinidad, Colorado, Demolli started "Il Lavoratore Italiano," official organ of the United Mine Workers among the Italians. In Colorado, as well as in Utah, the great majority of coal miners are Italians. Soon he had them under his sway. His exile lent him a halo of romance. Over six feet in height, he is so powerful that he can sit down, take a man on each foot, straighten out his legs and raise the weight of both at once. As a wrestler he withstood the "Terrible Turk," No. 2, who toured the United States. This made him a hero among a class of men who place physical prowess first. He is a prestidigitator of ability, which excites their wonder and admiration. Those who can read Italian look up to his literary ability, while the uneducated regard him as unapproachably great in their line. Before an audience he now cajoles, now commands, turning from humor to invective, or from reason to passion, almost in one breath. Speaking readily eight different languages and dialects prevalent among miners, he reaches a vast class. And he holds them almost in the hollow of his hand.

When Demolli came to Utah, the Italians joined the union and went on a strike. The Finns and others followed. At first the company fought unaided. It felt fairly secure in its grip on the county government. The foreign voters had always been inclined to cast their ballots as suggested by the company. As a re-

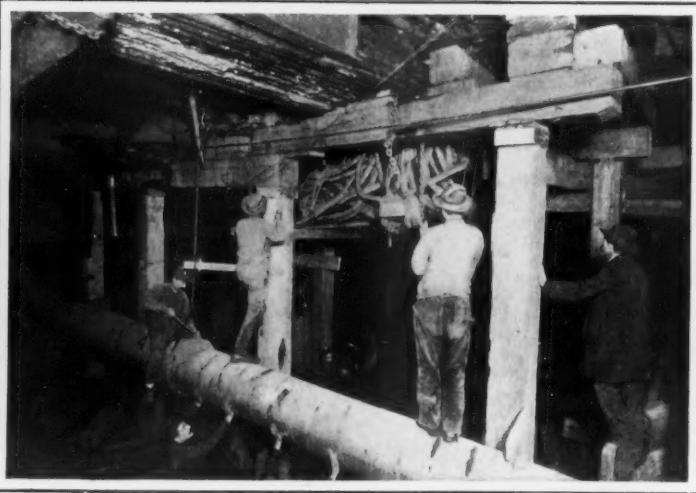


CHARLES DEMOLLI

The John Mitchell of the Western Mines



Putting in the Shore-beams



Arranging Chains to Support the Network of Pipes

UNDER BROADWAY:—WORKING ON THE RAPID TRANSIT RAILROAD, BENEATH THE BUSIEST THOROUGHFARE OF NEW YORK, WITHOUT DISTURBING THE SURFACE

sult the sheriff was a former watchman at one of the mines, elected by company influence, and the corporation had loyal tools as county commissioners, county clerk, assessor, surveyor, and justices, while its local counsel was also deputy county attorney in charge of prosecutions, and the election of the district judge was backed by company support.

The company recruited two hundred guards, had the sheriff swear them in as deputies, and then began wholesale arrests of "agitators" and their friends for "disturbing the peace" by assembling in public places and making speeches. They were taken into custody by company employees, through warrants sworn out by company employees before a magistrate who was a company employee, and prosecuted by a company employee, frequently before a jury of company employees selected by the sheriff or a deputy. Many convictions followed. Demolli was given a jail sentence, but a higher court released him.

The strike spread. The company was losing ground. It finally appealed for the Mormon influence it had once cast aside. There was a tacit understanding that if the Mormons would help break the strike, as many tithe-payers would be permanently employed in the mines as possible. Wages were raised and other concessions made. Although there had been no violence, Governor Heber M. Wells, a Mormon, called out the State troops, stationing them around the camps where the foreigners could be impressed by the sight of uniforms. Then the Church authorities began to help the company recruit men to work in the mines. All through the State, especially in the farming districts, went emissaries of the corporation, and the Mormon bishops helped secure from their flocks metal-miners, former coal-miners, farmers who had little to do during the winter, and others to take the strikers' jobs. Steadily the places of the old men have been filled under the protection of the militia and the company guards, and the output has been increased.

The final result is not in sight. The United Mine Workers is a powerful and stubborn organization. So is the Mormon Church. E. B. PALMER.

CLOSING OF THE GREAT LAKES

WHAT looked like a floating iceberg crept lamely into Buffalo Harbor early on the morning of December 20. The few tugs which had steam in their boilers shrieked in welcome, and every man along the water front rushed to the docks to cheer "the last boat of the lake season of 1903." The steam propeller *J. T. Hutchinson*, leaking and crippled by the weight of ice that strove to drag her down, had made such a fight of it to win her way from port to port as even the records of the daring "last boats" of the lake winter season have never equaled.

On November 29 she went on a reef off Keweenaw Point, the northernmost projection of Michigan. The owners abandoned her. The underwriters sent a crew to make a last desperate effort to save her. Two tugs sent to aid them were lost. But a storm came and lifted her off the reef where the previous storm had placed her. With three compartments full of water, every inch above the water-line coated thickly with ice, in the face of a blizzard of

snow and wind driving down from the Arctic, she made her way alone, under her own power, down through Lake Superior, the Soo, and St. Clair, and tied up in triumph at Detroit.

During that terrible voyage Captain John Smith grimly held his place in the pilot-house, from which the windows had been broken that he might see better, for twenty-two continuous hours. He had won a safe winter harbor at Detroit, but he was not satisfied.

"We'll make Buffalo yet if we have to split the lake," he said. Some 40,000 bushels of what had once been flaxseed and was now poultice were thrown overboard. Tugs were sent forward to break the ice at the head of the lake, and the wounded boat set out valiantly again, and, after three days and nights, won through.

Busiest Inland Waters in the World

Hardly a year passes without some story of heroism like this to mark the closing of the lakes, but few of them end so happily. From now until May these great northern seas will be as silent and deserted, save for a few car ferries and ice crushers, as in the days when only Indian canoes braved their treacherous waves. For the seven to eight months of the open season, they are the busiest inland waters in the world. Through the Soo Canal there passes every year a tonnage nearly three times as great as goes through the Suez Canal, and that is only a fraction of the immense commerce of the lakes. Chicago alone shipped more than 100,000,000 bushels of grain this season; Buffalo received over 125,000,000 bushels, and a great quantity went to Erie and Montreal. Buffalo shipped

to Western points 3,200,000 tons of coal. North Tonawanda, ten miles below Buffalo on the Niagara River, reports that 450,000,000 feet of lumber were piled on her docks, and about the same quantity was taken to Chicago. The most interesting commerce on the lakes is in iron ore, whose chief supply is drawn now from the mines along the shores of Lake Superior. More than 3,200,000 tons were carried to Chicago and 19,681,731 tons to Lake Erie ports, principally Cleveland, Conneaut, and Ashtabula. This ore is handled almost wholly by machinery, both in loading and unloading.

Of the total merchant tonnage under the American flag, amounting to 6,087,345, the Great Lakes float 1,902,698. The lake tonnage is nearly two-thirds as great as that of the Atlantic and Gulf coasts. Yet there are 17,218 vessels credited to the coasting trade against 3,110 on the lakes. The fact that the disparity in numbers is so much greater than in tonnage is evidence of the greater average size of lake vessels, though, of course, the largest lake craft are smaller than the largest ocean ships. Another significant fact is that while the lake tonnage this year was nearly 100,000 greater than last the number of vessels decreased. The explanation is that new and larger steel boats have displaced the old wooden craft.

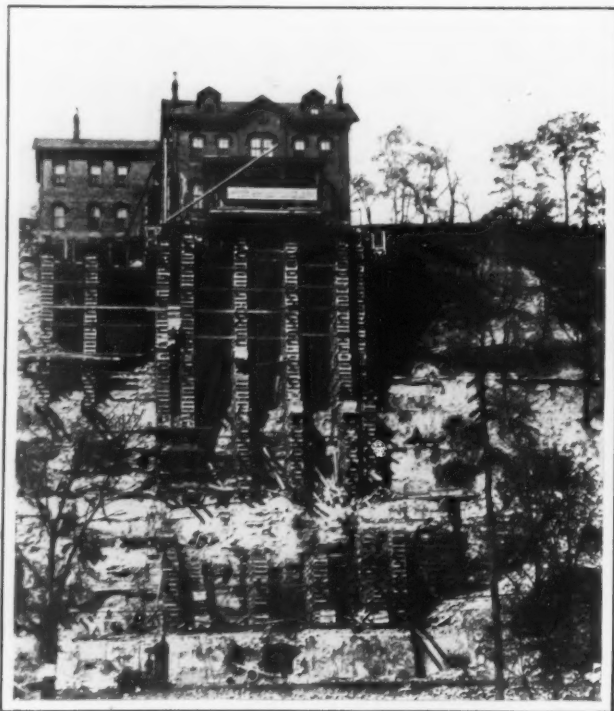
The lake schooners of a former generation are almost all gone. The stories of their disappearance hold many tragedies. No less than fifty-two wooden vessels were wrecked this season, involving an aggregate loss, including cargoes, of \$2,100,000. But, on the other hand, not a single steel boat became a total loss. The record of lives sacrificed is ninety-four, of whom ten were passengers. Yet, on the whole, the season has been a favorable one. Only the smaller and older boats earned less than ten per cent. The profits of the large ships ranged as high as fifteen per cent. Many seasons have been better, but the lake men feel that they have earned their winter's rest.

EXPRESS COMPANIES NOT WANTED

WHETHER or not the express companies can be driven out of Texas and the railroads of the State made to perform their functions, is an issue which has been raised by the Texas Railroad Commission, and which is now being pushed to a conclusion.

This Commission has complete control of rates. Not long ago it issued a tariff reducing express charges by about 10 per cent. A Federal Court gave the three companies concerned an injunction restraining the Commission from putting the new rates into effect.

Thereupon the Attorney-General of the State filed suit for the annulment of the companies' permits to do business in Texas, and simultaneously the Commission announced that it would attempt to compel the railroads to transport small packages of freight on passenger trains, and at the rates prescribed. The railroads receive for hauling the cars of the express companies only about 40 to 50 per cent of the amounts received by the express companies from the public. Therefore, the Commission argues that the railroads could well afford to employ the men necessary to carry on the express business, and, by taking it in



THE HOUSE THAT CLIMBED A HILL

Owing to changes in the line of a railroad it became necessary to move this house at Homestead, Pa. It was a valuable property because of the costly frescoes on its walls. The latter are of brick, joined together with cement, and the floors are concrete, making the building practically a monolith. The house is being raised one hundred and sixty feet perpendicularly and will be placed on the brow of the cliff



Troops lining the streets awaiting the arrival of Dr. Amador



The candidate making his address to the public at Panama

THE HOME-COMING OF DR. AMADOR, CANDIDATE FOR FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE NEW REPUBLIC OF PANAMA

their own hands, get nearly twice as much for the same service, less only the wages of the additional employees.

For example, if the income of an express company is \$100,000 a year and the railroad which hauls its cars gets 40 per cent, or \$40,000 of this, the same railroad could do the work of the express company for \$90,000, the income of the express company less the 10 per cent cut off by the Commission's reduced rates. The railroads will attempt to prove that there is no law to compel them to carry freight on their passenger trains, and will appeal to the public on the grounds that if they are compelled to handle the express business, they will refuse to provide for either collection or delivery of express matter.

TOO MUCH KAISER AT ST. LOUIS

THE artists belonging to the Berlin Secession Society have concluded not to take part in the German art exhibit at the St. Louis Exposition. Their action, which seems to be final, is primarily a protest against the selection by the German Government of jurors known to be hostile to the movement among the younger artists. Indirectly it is also a protest against the repeated arbitrary interference by the Kaiser in art matters. This means that a number of Germany's foremost painters and sculptors will be unrepresented at St. Louis, and that the entire space allotted to that country will be filled by the works of older men who have kept their art within the narrow confines of academical tradition. This is the more deplorable because of the contrast furnished by other countries. Not only will the art of every civilized nation be represented, but the contending schools, the champions of the old and the new, seem to have buried their differences temporarily in order to present a united front to the rest of the world.

BILLS THAT ARE STILLBORN

THE special session of Congress was called to consider one particular measure, the Cuban reciprocity. It did not pass even that, for the only significant measure actually adopted was a joint resolution to pay for the members' mileage. Yet in the four weeks of the extra session, the Senators introduced 2,130 bills and the Representatives 5,750. Some 2,000 more were added in the first week of the regular session. On one day in November Senator Money of Mississippi offered 233 bills, more than double the previous record for the legislative day of a single member.

During the first three weeks when these thousands of bundles of folded legal-cap were passing over the clerk's desk in the Senate, and into the more convenient "hopper" of the House, almost none of the committees which do the real weighing and sifting of legislation had so much as held a meeting. In the House, only three had been appointed, while in the Senate, where last year's committees hold over, there were vacancies on nearly all.

Why, then, the bills? The answer is in very many

is hard to get. But the humblest member can introduce bills, and the rural newspapers of his district can make each one the subject of a front-page article.

Congressmen are resorting to this more and more, for the public never seems to realize what a wide gap there is between a bill introduced and a bill passed. Measures which never in the world had a chance of passage are launched over again year after year, accomplishing nothing except to add an item or two on Uncle Sam's printing account. There are twice as many bills at a session now as there were ten years ago, eighteen or twenty times as many as in the years before the Civil War. But it is harder than ever to get them through Congress.

Forty years ago a bill had something like one chance in four of passage. Now it has not quite one chance in nine. This is a good thing for citizens to remember when they read that some popular cause "is in a fair way to realization," because their Representative "has introduced a bill for that purpose."

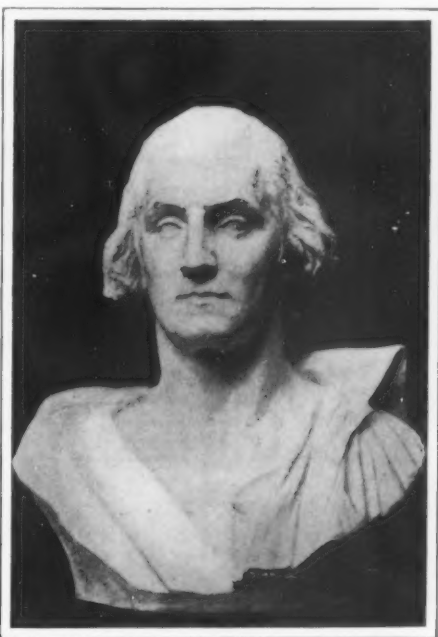
A NEW BUST OF WASHINGTON

A BUST of George Washington soon to adorn the Senate chamber in Washington will recall the early friendship of France with the young republic and the memory of a famous sculptor long since dead. In 1826, France gave to the United States such a bust, done by David d'Angers. Later it was joined by a bust of Lafayette by the same artist, which he sent as a personal gift to the President. When the Capitol Building was burned in 1851, both marbles were destroyed.

A year ago, the Comte de Rochambeau, the Marquis de Lafayette, and the Comte de Grasse joined in undertaking to replace the lost bust of Washington. They did not expect to duplicate it, and were greatly pleased to learn that an exact copy could be obtained. M. Henry Jouin, secretary of the École des Beaux Arts, was aware that David had sent to the town whose name he had assumed to distinguish him from his illustrious master, David the painter, the models from which all his great works had been executed.

In the collection at Angers was found the plaster cast made from the original clay bust that had portrayed the features of Washington. From this cast David had carved the marble.

A bronze bust has been made from this model, and has been sent to Washington. General Horace Porter, Ambassador in Paris, has informed the gentlemen interested that the United States would willingly accept and treasure so graceful and appropriate a gift. He was enthusiastic over the artistic worth of the bust.

MODEL OF DAVID D'ANGERS' BUST OF WASHINGTON
Given to the United States Senate by admirers of the sculptor

cases, "The constituents at home." The days have passed when a new member could show his mettle on the floor in debate, as John Sherman did before his first session was a week old. A wag of the lobby once said: "A Congressman is liable to catch the malaria, typhoid fever, and smallpox in Washington before he catches the Speaker's eye." Even "leave to print" undelivered speeches in the "Congressional Record"

THE RESULTS THAT TAFT LEAVES BEHIND HIM

From our Correspondent, Manila, Nov. 20, 1903

THE idea seems to prevail in the United States that Governor Taft is going home because of ill health. This is far from the truth. At one time he was the victim of diseases to which all are subject in the tropics, but to-day he enjoys one might almost say perfect health, due, largely, to his careful habits and regular exercise, which, like the President, he takes on horseback. He goes in response to continual urging from the President, who, nearly a year ago, asked him to join his Cabinet. He is deeply interested in the Philippines and the Filipinos, and would have liked to remain until certain problems were nearer a solution. There is a more personal reason, too. Here the Government provides him with a palace. In Washington he will receive less than a third of

the salary which was his here, and will have to pay house rent. He has saved nothing during his stay, and being a man of only moderate means, he is largely dependent upon his salary for the support of himself and family.

The understanding in Manila is that Governor Taft's successor, Luke E. Wright, will be succeeded at the end of next year, if not sooner, by General Leonard Wood. But that is only a guess, and what we have to deal with now is Mr. Wright as Governor. What are his prospects, and is he equal to the task? Physically he is. He has not been ill a single day since coming to the islands.

He has adapted himself to the conditions of the country more readily than most Americans. In other words, he takes a *siesta* and devotes a moderate num-

ber of hours instead of all day to his official duties. This is the way of Europeans who have lived here from twenty-five to forty years and are still in good health. Their experience and his show that with occasional vacations there can be continuity of public service in the Philippines, if the American will not be too strenuous in the heat of the day and will take a certain amount of exercise.

Besides lacking Taft's capacity for work, Wright appears less sure of his position on questions of state. This latter trait, I believe, will disappear once he is in full authority. With the resident Americans he is more popular than Taft; with the natives, less so. The American business man believes that the change will benefit American trade. If the policy of the Philippines for the Filipinos, which has been pursued

since the inauguration of civil government, is not the best one for the American business men, there will be no change for the better. Mr. Wright believes in that policy, and he will follow it closely, unless, of course, future events prove a change to be desirable.

The large majority of American business men say that Taft's fondness for the natives has prevented American trade from making any advance in the archipelago. This can not be so, for the Englishmen, Germans, Spaniards, and Chinese are constantly extending their business.

Where Americans Fail

The fault is largely with the Americans, who do not adapt themselves to the conditions of the country. The success of the American manufacturer lies in manufacturing large quantities cheaply, and then when he goes into a foreign market, he says, "Here's what I make; take it or leave it." The European, on the other hand, finds out what his customers want and then supplies the demand. This is the secret of the success of the Europeans and the failure of Americans in the Philippines, and neither Wright nor any other governor can change it.

The natives, it is true, are commencing to use American groceries and hardware and a small quantity of cotton, but in all other lines the European leads. For years to come it will simply be a case of feeding ourselves. The Spaniards and the Chinese are the traders. They are established in the provinces, supply the needs of the natives, and, in return, take their tobacco, hemp, copra, gum, shells, etc., bringing it to Manila and turning it over to the English firms who do the exporting. Not satisfied with what is brought to him for export, the Englishman sends his agents out to gather in what the Spaniards and Chinese overlook, paying for it chiefly in cash and rice.

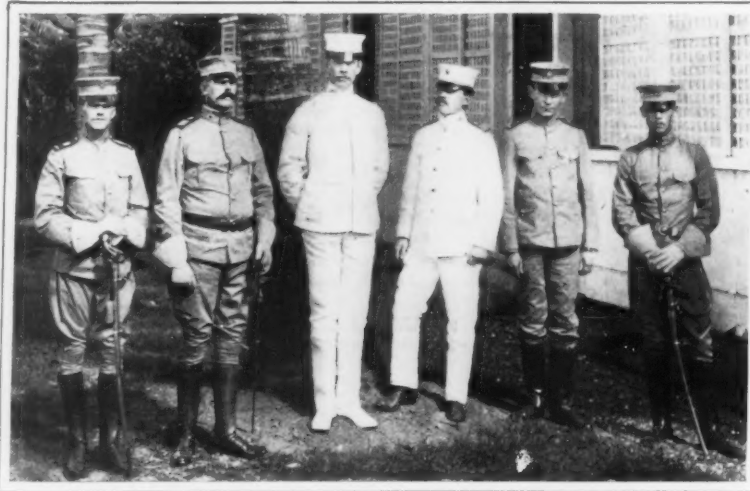
Most of the hemp goes to the United States, but, nevertheless, it is shipped there by Englishmen. While hostilities were still in progress the American authorities gave an American company the exclusive right to buy hemp. They reaped a harvest until peace was proclaimed. Then the trade commenced to return to the Englishmen, and now but one American firm exports hemp, and that one firm on a very small scale. This firm, however, is a strong and enterprising one, and is slowly forging ahead. Success on the part of the European is due not only to the fact that he adapts himself to the customs of the country, but also because, on the surface at least, he is friendly with the native, associates with the better class of Filipinos, and keeps on good terms with them, while the American openly declares himself their enemy. Therefore the Filipino who has influence among his people pulls the wires for his friend as against his enemy. Nothing could be more natural.

The American regretfully talks of the days of "The Empire," referring to the good times of then as compared with to-day. Then he was supplying 60,000 soldiers with liquors and luxuries; now there are less than 20,000 soldiers to buy his goods. Surely he would not ask the Government to maintain 60,000 men here that his business might prosper. No, he replies, but the Government might fill the civil positions in the islands by Americans—not Filipinos—and the Ameri-

can population might increase. That would hardly ensure prosperity nor encourage the Filipino to develop the country, besides being directly opposed to the Federal Government's policy. Then, too, the new arrivals from the States might do as many now here are doing—refuse to pay the big profits demanded by the Americans and buy from the Chinaman and Spaniard, who are not here to make a fortune in a few years.

The civil and military authorities are doing more to introduce American goods to the natives than are the merchants themselves. They are buying large quantities of American groceries and hardware for the commissaries, and these, being supplied to the civil and military officials, teachers, constabulary, and scouts, are, through them, introduced to the natives. The Government might go a step further and buy all goods from American firms, declining to receive tenders from foreigners, for it is hardly fair to ask a company carrying on business on up-to-date lines to bid against a Chinaman who has a six-by-four office and pays his few clerks \$10 a month.

General Henry T. Allen



BRIG. GEN. ALLEN OF THE PHILIPPINE CONSTABULARY, AND OFFICERS OF HIS STAFF
The native Constabulary number 7,000 men; they enjoy fighting and only 85 desertions were recorded last year

Another problem confronting us is that relating to labor, and on this there are as many different views as there are men. It is a generally accepted fact that the Tagalos, the natives of the provinces surrounding Manila, are not laborers, but, as they call themselves, *compositores* (men who work with their hands). The Chinese have been among them for three hundred years, and, while they have many of the characteristics of the Chinaman, they lack his indifference to the amount of hard work he does in a day. Despite this, several large employers of labor say they are satisfied with the work of the natives. Others, again, notably an engineer appointed to report on the cost of the proposed railway lines, say the native laborers can not be depended upon. The average American declares that the country needs a hundred thousand or more Chinese or Japanese laborers to show the native that men can and will work in the tropics.

The Need of Imported Labor

There is no need to show him that a man can work; he knows that and does it spasmodically. He must be filled with an ambition to provide not only for his present, but his future, needs. Now he is satisfied with enough to provide him with "chow" and a few

odd pesos to bet on his fighting cock. When he secures the extra pesos, his work ends for the time being, and off he goes to some provincial town to gamble until he is broke. Then he is ready for more work. Governor Wright is willing to meet the advocates of imported labor to a certain extent. He believes it would be well to allow the importation of a number of skilled mechanics, under very strict regulations, to teach the Filipino different trades, but, as for the ordinary laborer, he is convinced that the native fills all the requirements.

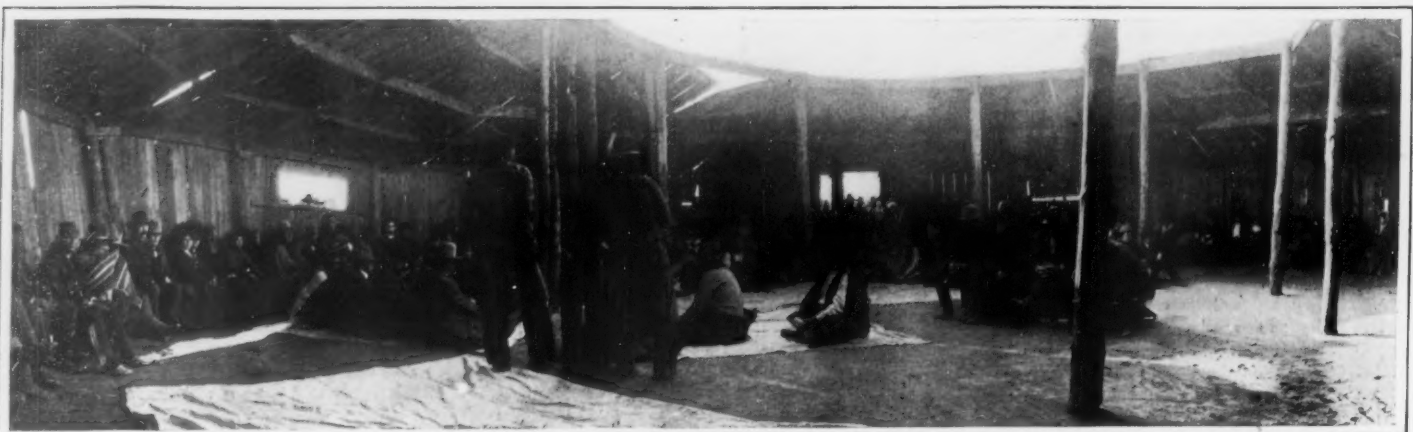
Another Rebellion Impossible

Under Spanish rule, when the peaceful tao was compelled to work and then robbed of what he had earned, he, of course, did as little as possible and lived as best he could. It is different now. He is protected in his property, and even his ancient enemy, the ladrone, is being driven out of the bosque and either shot, hanged, or put to work in jail. In bringing about this change, the Government is utilizing the natives in the constabulary and Philippine scouts. These men, under their

American officers, are doing splendid work. The only opposition to constituted authority now comes from a few bands of ladrones on the island of Luzon, who are being driven hard and thinned out day by day. The people, on the whole, are thoroughly satisfied with American rule, and the few Manila agitators, some now serving time, who, under the guise of organizers of labor unions, tried to breed discontent, received little encouragement. With a loyal native soldiery and bodies of American soldiers at convenient points, there is no danger of a fresh outbreak; in fact, it is impossible, as the natives have no arms, and, before they could gather in any strength, the authorities would crush them.

Governor Wright, who is Commissioner of Police, and General Henry T. Allen, Chief of Constabulary, have the greatest confidence in their little army, and it seems justified by the past year's record, there having been but eighty-five desertions and many of these of men under charges. Eighty-five desertions from a force of 7,000 is a splendid record. It is significant, too, that the greatest number of desertions occurred in provinces where there were no ladrones to fight, Albay, for example, the only province which for several months has had an organized band of insurrectos in the field, reporting but three constabularios missing.

The men are well fed, well clothed, and well housed; their work is easy, with an occasional chase after a band of ladrones; all of which makes it attractive. Their uniform, too, gives them a better standing among their people. So there is no reason why they should be dissatisfied. A pension system would make the native soldier a permanently loyal supporter of the Government in years to come. So far, however, native officers have not proved a success. They can not resist the temptation to graft, and in this they have not been set the best of examples by some of their brother officers from the United States. Of course, generally the American officers have done good work in organizing and maintaining the native forces, but there have been several notable cases of late in which men placed in responsible positions have gone wrong.



THE OSAJE INDIANS IN COUNCIL AT PAWHUSKA, O. T., DECIDE TO ABANDON THEIR TRIBAL RIGHTS

This decision will result in a division of the tribal funds and an individual allotment of the nation's lands. The Osages are the wealthiest of our Indian tribes. There are 1,833 members of the nation, every one of whom, by virtue of his rights in lands and in the tribal fund held in the United States Treasury, is worth \$13,121

PHOTOGRAPH BY J. H. H. 1000-1000

Archbishop Chapelle

Ambassador Jusserand

Senor Turre, Spanish Consul

Ex-Gov. Francis, of Missouri



THE GOVERNOR OF LOUISIANA AND HIS GUESTS WATCHING THE PARADE FROM THE REVIEWING STAND IN FRONT OF THE CABILDO, DECEMBER 17, 1903



GOVERNOR HERD, ON DECEMBER 20, 1903, READING THE PROCLAMATION OF THE CESSION OF LOUISIANA ONE HUNDRED YEARS AFTER THE ACTUAL TRANSFER



PONTIFICAL HIGH MASS IN ST. LOUIS'S CATHEDRAL, NEW ORLEANS, DECEMBER 20, 1903, COMMEMORATING THE ACQUISITION OF THE LOUISIANA TERRITORY

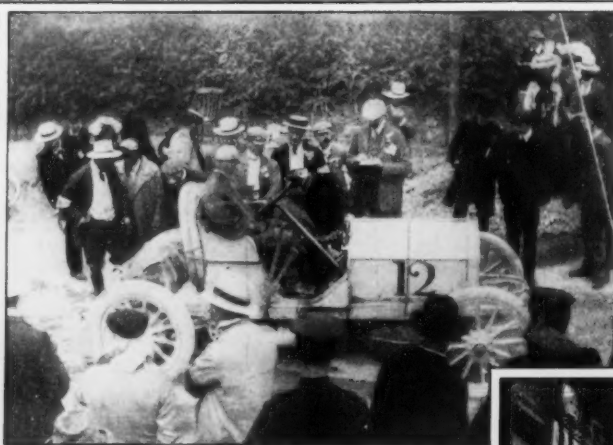


THE COLONIAL BALL HELD IN THE FRENCH OPERA HOUSE, DECEMBER 18. THE LADIES WERE DRESSED AS THEIR ANCESTORS WERE A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

NEW ORLEANS CELEBRATES THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE



THE INTERNATIONAL YACHT RACES
The American cup defender, "Reliance," defeated Sir Thomas Lipton's challenger, "Shamrock III," in three consecutive races for the America's Cup off Sandy Hook in August and September.



INTERNATIONAL AUTOMOBILE RACE IN IRELAND
The contest was held July 2 and the race was won by M. Jenatzy, a Belgian, who covered the course of 368 miles in 6 hours and 39 minutes.



THE INDIAN PRINCES ENTERING DELHI AT THE DURBAR
The Durbar was held at Delhi, India, in honor of the coronation of King George V, and was an occasion for a display of barbaric pomp and splendor.



SENDING A CABLEGRAM AROUND THE WORLD
On July 4 the first cable message to go completely around the world was sent from the President at Oyster Bay to Gov. Taft at Manila eastward via Gibraltar and Suez, the answer returning via the Pacific and San Francisco in nine and one-half minutes.



THE MACEDONIAN UPRISINGS
As a result of continued disaffection in Macedonia, large bodies of troops were sent into the disturbed districts by the Turks, and over 50,000 Macedonians have been reported killed.



HON. JOSEPH G. CANNON
The new Speaker of the House opening the extraordinary session of Congress, November 9.



A PAPAL CONSISTORY
Pope Leo XIII presiding at an assembly of Cardinals in the Vatican.



PRESIDENT LOUBET'S VISIT TO ENGLAND
Edward VII introducing Lord Roberts to the French President on the occasion of M. Loubet's visit to London in July.



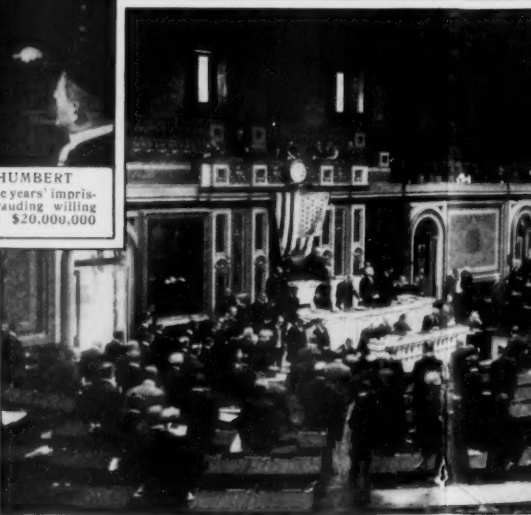
THE ALASKA BOUNDARY COMMISSION IN SESSION
This Commission was appointed to settle the long-standing dispute over the boundary line between the United States and Canada. The award was made on October 20 and favored the claims of the United States.



THERESE HUMBERT
Punished with five years' imprisonment for defrauding willing dupes of above \$20,000,000.



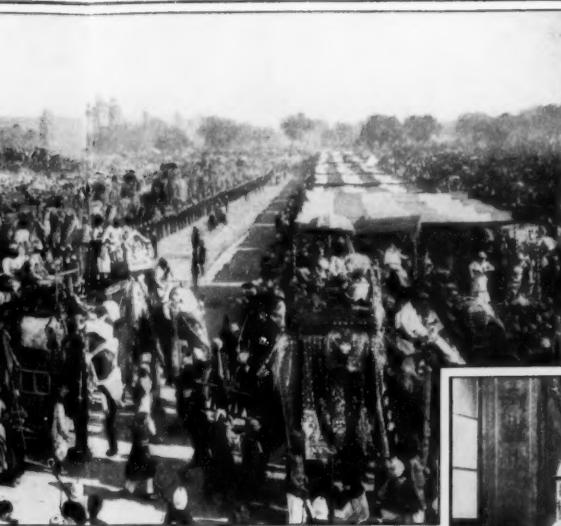
VICTIMS OF THE MASSACRE AT KISHINEFF
On April 19, 20, and 21, the Jewish quarter of the city of Kishineff, Russia, was looted by the Christian inhabitants; scores of Jews were killed and several hundred were injured.



THE 58TH CONGRESS IN EXTRAORDINARY SESSION
This photograph of the House of Representatives was taken while Chaplain Coudert was reading the opening prayer on November 9. The session was called by the President for the consideration of the tariff bill.

A PICTORIAL REVIEW OF THE

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS PUBLISHED IN COLLIER'S



ENTERING DELHI AT THE TIME OF THE DURBAR
The British sovereign, in honor of the coronation of King Edward VII, and was the
the pomp and splendor by the native rulers and their retinues



THE FLOODS IN KANSAS
In the latter part of May the Missouri River overflowed its banks and
completely submerged the outskirts of Kansas City and towns nearby



DEDICATION DAY AT ST. LOUIS
The Louisiana Purchase Exposition grounds were officially
dedicated on April 30, on which occasion both the President
and Mr. Cleveland were the city's guests and made addresses
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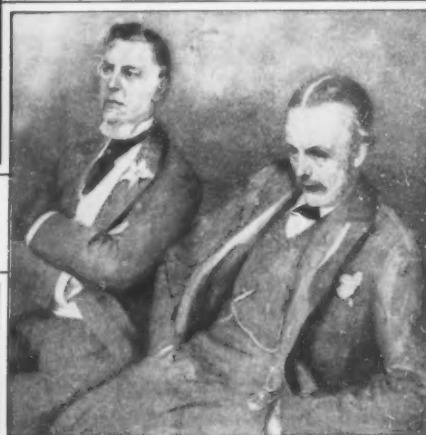
THE SUCCESSOR TO LEO XIII
Cardinal Sarto, elected to the
throne of the Vatican as Pius X
COPYRIGHT 1903 BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD



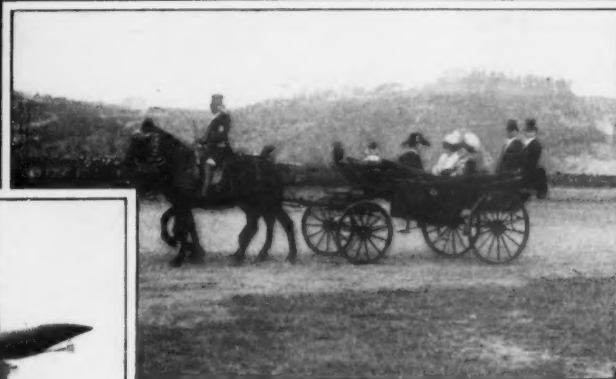
TRAVELING AT A SPEED OF 125 MILES AN HOUR
An electric car, on an experimental run made October 6 between Marienfeldt and Zossen, in
Germany, attained a speed of 125 4-5 miles an hour. The electric current was 14,000 volts



A PAPAL CONSISTORY
Assembly of Cardinals in the Vatican shortly before his death in August



JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN AND ARTHUR BALFOUR
Mr. Chamberlain resigned his post as Colonial Secretary in the
British Cabinet to carry on his campaign in favor of a protective
tariff for England. Mr. Balfour undertook the reorganization
of the Cabinet upon Mr. Chamberlain's resignation



KING EDWARD'S VISIT TO ROME
The British sovereign went to Italy in April particularly to visit Pope
Leo XIII, but while in Rome he was also entertained by King Victor
Emanuel and attended a review of the troops of the Rome garrison



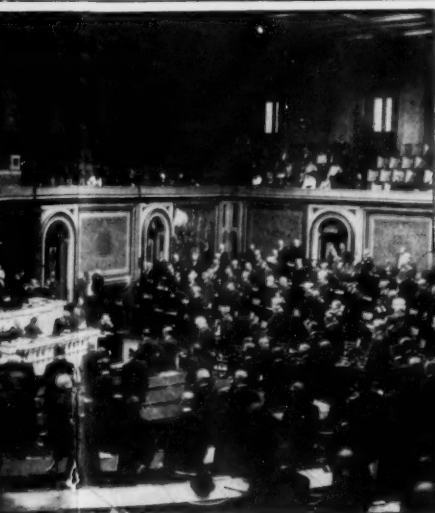
LEBAUDY'S AIRSHIP
After making a successful flight
over Paris this flying machine
was wrecked by a collision



RAISING THE FLAG OF THE REPUBLIC OF PANAMA
This event occurred in Colon on November 3, after the secession of the State of Panama
from the Republic of Colombia, her independence being recognized by the United States



KING ALEXANDER AND QUEEN DRAGA
The rulers of Serbia, who were assassinated in the palace at
Belgrade on June 10 as the result of a military conspiracy



CONGRESS IN EXTRAORDINARY SESSION
When while Chaplain Couden was offering prayer immediately after convening at noon,
for the consideration of the Cuban reciprocity bill, which has since been passed
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THE PRINCIPAL EVENTS OF 1903

THE HALL



By
Carolyn Wells

HIGHBOY

Illustrated by
Orson Lowell



It was a magnificent specimen of Colonial art,—perfect in line, in detail, in finish . . . a monument to the days when cabinet work meant honest endeavor

"HELLO, Hall," said Robert Miller, as the two men met on a Jersey-bound ferryboat. "Where are you going?"

"To collect my inheritance," replied Philip Hall, without raising his eyes to the young man who had approached him.

"Fancy!" said Robert Miller derisively.

"Honest," said Philip Hall; "strange as it may seem, I'm going over to a small town in the wilds of New Jersey to receive—or, rather, to see about receiving—such goods and chattels as my dear dead aunt has kindly bequeathed to me."

"Didn't know you had a dead aunt," said Robert.

"Oh, yes," said Hall, rather more cheerfully than the occasion seemed to call for; "she died a month ago; while I was in Japan. I never knew her very well, but I'm her sole heir."

"Is the sole heirship much?" said Robert.

"Well, there's a farm, and a farmhouse full of old furniture."

"Old furniture!" exclaimed Robert. "Mahogany?"

"Well, I should say so! The house is chucking full of it. I haven't been there for seventeen years, and I don't remember much about it; except one piece I do remember, a wonderful old Highboy—called the Hall Highboy."

"Highboy," said Robert blankly; "what is a Highboy?"

"Good gracious, man! don't you know what a Highboy is? Why it's a great tall chest of drawers—"

"Oh, a chiffonier?"

"No, not a chiffonier at all! A great tall chest of drawers with claw feet and scroll top—at least the Hall Highboy has, though they don't always. And wonderful old brass handles—why, it came over in the *Mayflower*!"

"Oh, it did!" and Robert's tone was distinctly provocative.

"Yes, it did, and I know all about it, and I would rather have that Hall Highboy than all the rest of my Aunt Catherine's belongings; though, as near as I can make out, they are all to be mine."

"You're a lucky dog," said Robert Miller, "and you always were. I suppose you'll live out there on your farm, with your Highboy."

"Not on your life!" said Hall. "That Highboy is way ahead of its surroundings. I shall build a house especially for it—old Colonial hall effect, you know."

"Yes, I know; and you'll call it, Hall Hall."

"Not a bad idea; perhaps I shall."

"Well, good-by, old fellow, and when you get your air castle built around your Highboy, invite me over."

"I will. Good-by."

When Philip Hall reached Greenford, New Jersey, he found a man with a sidebar buggy waiting for him. As they drove along the country roads, Hall discovered that as the heir of Miss Lavinia Hall's estate he was a great man in that neighborhood.

"You see, sir," said his driver, "Miss Lavinia, she was a wonderful old lady, and we looks to you, sir, to take her place with the Greenford folks."

"Ah," said Philip Hall. "And is the place—the house, I mean—the same as it has been for many years?"

"Yes, sir, they ain't been no changes."

"No refurbishing? No new-fangled notions?"

"No, sir. Miss Hall wasn't that kind. Whatever was in that

old farmhouse of hers a hundred years ago is there now. She didn't change nothin'."

A few moments more and Philip Hall had reached the old farmhouse which, from his American point of view, represented the halls of his ancestors. Although the place looked deserted, still it had a homelike air, and the wide single front door, with its quaint old fanlight, stood invitingly ajar.

Philip entered and, unheeding the dismal silence of the empty house, went straight through the long hall to the large dining-room; passed the sideboard and corner china closet, and stood before that splendid piece of mahogany, the Hall Highboy.

As he had told his friend, it was a magnificent specimen of Colonial art. Perfect in line, in detail, in finish; it stood in the old dining-room, as it had stood for nearly two hundred years, a monument to the days when cabinet work meant honest endeavor and not meretricious filigree.

Philip Hall looked at the old Highboy with the eye of a connoisseur. He noted the exquisite swell and dwindle of its lines; the marvelous sweep of the scroll top; the wonderfully preserved brass handles, and the inimitable claw feet.

"Four of them," he exulted; "not another Highboy in America, perhaps not in the world, has four claw feet, and it is mine! Aunt Lavinia left it to me, and nobody can take it from me. Oh, I am a lucky dog!"

Without so much as a glance at the other beautiful mahogany and the old blue china, Hall walked away, pausing only at the parlor door to take notice of an old spinet.

"Yes, I am a lucky dog," he repeated, "but that Highboy walks over all the rest of my luck, and I'm glad it's mine!"

"Now," his thoughts continued, as he crossed the front veranda, "I will go over to that very uninteresting-looking village inn, and see if I can get something worth eating, and then I must hunt up the village lawyer, who calls himself, I believe, Thomas Colton, and proceed to make good my claim to the Highboy and the rest of it."

But after a midday dinner at the Greenford inn, Philip Hall felt again such a desire to see his newly acquired possession that he sauntered back to the farm before going to the lawyer's house. As he went through the long hall toward the dining-room, he was surprised to hear voices, and, what was more surprising still, they were, evidently, the voices of merry and light-hearted young women.

"Oho," said Philip Hall to himself, as, looking in at the dining-room door, he saw the backs of two white shirtwaists, and two pompadoured heads, "I hardly think these are ghosts of my ancestors, but I don't see who else they can be here in my house."

The first sentence, however, which he overheard quite unavoidably, arrested his steps, and he stood still at the threshold.

"This old Highboy is mine," one of the young women was saying. "Miss Lavinia promised me that I should have it at her death, because I was always so fond of it. It's a beautiful piece, and I hope that nephew of hers, who is heir to the rest of her belongings, won't make any fuss about my having it."

"I don't see how he can," said her companion, "if Miss Hall said she would give it to you."

"But I haven't that

in writing," said the other. "I wish I had, for I saw that young man when he drove up this morning, and he looks both grasping and pig-headed."

"Then he'll take the Highboy, and you can't help yourself."

"Perhaps so, Nelly, but still I may get it; for Mr. Colton knows that Miss Hall wanted me to have it, and lawyers can fix anything the way they want to."

"Yes," said Nelly, "and, of course, the lawyer in question would do anything to please Miss Dorothy Hall."

"Of course he would"; and pretty Miss Dorothy Hall tossed her head with a charming air of unconscious self-assurance.

Philip Hall made for the front door.

"Whew!" he said to himself, as he walked rapidly down the avenue. "Dorothy Hall! Then she's a relative, my own cousin probably, and Aunt Lavinia promised her the Highboy! I see my finish! I haven't a leg to stand on. She'll get it, and I won't. Queer! I never knew there was another family of Halls. I must see Colton about this. I'll go there now."

Thomas Colton greeted his guest with warm interest, and in a few moments the two men were deep in the details of the inheritance of Hall farm.

"And now," said Philip Hall, as they proceeded, "will you please tell me who is a young woman calling herself Dorothy Hall, and laying claim to that mahogany Highboy in the dining-room, which is, above all else, the principal thing I desire to inherit?"

"Dorothy Hall," exclaimed Mr. Colton, looking a little self-conscious; "oh, she is no relative of yours. She is only a neighbor who chanced to bear the same name, and who was a great friend of Miss Lavinia Hall all through the old lady's latter years, and it happened, as I chance to know, that Miss Dorothy took a special fancy to that old Highboy, and so Miss Lavinia, as I also chance to know, said that at her death Dorothy was to have it. This, however, was not legally recorded, and so, as you are sole heir, it depends entirely upon your kindness whether or not Miss Dorothy gets that particular piece of furniture."

"My kindness is all right," said Philip Hall, "but it takes another tack. I am willing to give Miss Dorothy Hall any bit of old mahogany furniture that my Aunt Lavinia may have possessed, except that Highboy. That, I especially and particularly desire to keep. She may have the brass andirons, the swell-front desk, the willow platter, or even the carved four-post bedstead, but that Hall Highboy is mine. Mine by right of inheritance, and I would not give it up even to the Shah of Persia."

"Indeed," said Mr. Colton, "and are you as enthusiastic about it as all that? I'm sorry, for I happen to know that Miss Dorothy also cares a great deal about it. However, she has no claim except her word that Miss Lavinia Hall wanted her to have it."

"Verbal word is nothing," said Philip Hall. "I have written proof to the effect that I am sole inheritor of Hall farm and all its furniture. Am I right?"

"You are right," said Mr. Colton gravely, "and I will tell Miss Hall, Miss Dorothy Hall, that since she has no written evidence, she has really no claim to Miss Lavinia Hall's mahogany Highboy."

"Yes," said Philip Hall, with a feeling of satisfaction, "tell her that, and tell her also, that in place of the Highboy she may select any two or three articles of furniture she chooses."

"I will tell her," said Mr. Colton.

The next day Philip Hall saw Thomas Colton again. "Well," said the young heir to the Hall farm, "and what did Miss Dorothy say?"

"She wept," said Mr. Colton concisely.

"You don't mean it!" exclaimed Philip Hall; "how perfectly ridiculous. She, an outsider, no relation, named Hall merely by chance, can't by any possibility care for that old family relic as I do. I, a real Hall, by direct descent, and the real heir to my Aunt Lavinia's home—I, of course, feel a family interest that no stranger could have."

"That is all true," assented Mr. Colton, "but for some reason or other Miss Dorothy Hall especially desires that Highboy; and since, as I positively know,



"No, I thank you. I shall not accept a gift of charity in place of my rightful possession!"

Miss Lavinia Hall had often expressed her willingness for Miss Dorothy to have it, it seems to me that you, as a generous and a courteous gentleman—

"Not at all," said Philip Hall. "It is not a question of generosity, since I am willing to give the young lady any three other pieces of my aunt's furniture; it is not a question of gentlemanliness, since I have never met Miss Hall, and—"

"Would you like to meet her?" said Mr. Colton suddenly, and before Robert Hall could reply, an excited and angry-looking young woman rushed into the room.

"Mr. Colton!" she exclaimed, "what do you think?" "I think," said Thomas Colton, "that if you will permit me, I will introduce Mr. Hall, Mr. Philip Hall, the heir of Hall farm."

"Oh!" exclaimed Miss Dorothy, "are you really—that is—how do you do, Mr. Hall?"

"I am delighted to meet you, Miss Hall," said Philip, extending his hand, "but I can quite understand that you are not at all pleased to meet me, because I have the misfortune to be the legal possessor of a piece of furniture to which, I understand, you are devotedly attached."

"You may be the legal possessor of it, Mr. Hall," said the young lady, with an air of decided coldness, "but I think you must admit that, morally speaking, the old Highboy is my property. Miss Lavinia Hall assured me many times that she wished it to be mine after her death, and I can bring many witnesses to prove the truth of my statement."

Philip Hall found himself in a quandary. The young lady who addressed him was not only very beautiful, but her charm was enhanced by the controlled anger which showed itself in her flashing eyes and reddening cheeks.

Being susceptible to these things, Hall felt a strong impulse to renounce all claim to the Highboy in favor of this would-be heiress, and he would have done so but that his own desire for the piece of antique furniture was so great. "Of course, I do not question your statements, Miss Hall," he said, and his manner was quite as cold as her own; "it is not a question of witnesses. But Mr. Colton assures me that the Highboy is legally mine, and I can't see any reason for my presenting it to the first stranger I meet."

"Then you do not consider your aunt's wishes as of serious import?" demanded Miss Hall, growing more excited and consequently more attractive to look at.

"I have never considered my aunt as of serious import," returned Hall, "until she saw fit to leave me her possessions, and, without intending the slightest disrespect to her memory, I propose to keep the heirloom I prize most highly of all. But I shall be much pleased, Miss Hall, if you will select two or three other pieces of the valuable old furniture, in place of the Highboy."

"No, I thank you," replied the young woman, her

lip curling with pride and anger, "I shall not accept a gift of charity in place of my rightful possession!"

Philip Hall bowed quietly, but with a whimsical look, such as he might have bestowed on a petulant child, said, "When you change your mind, Miss Hall, I shall be ready to stand by my offer."

"I shall never change my mind!" she flashed back, "but when you do, I shall be pleased to accept from you what is already my own!"

The days went on, and notwithstanding their deadly feud the two young people named Hall spent a great deal of time in each other's society.

This, however, as Miss Dorothy Hall carefully explained to herself and to her friend Nelly, was solely because she hoped thereby to persuade the very pig-headed and obstinate owner of Hall farm to relinquish his claim to her property.

While Mr. Philip Hall, on his part, gravely assured himself and his lawyer that he sought repeated inter-



"It's perfectly useless to try to explain why I care so much for the Highboy"

views with that most exasperating young woman next door on the chance of somehow making her see reason.

One of these spirited interviews took place one afternoon in the Hall dining-room.

The combatants were seated on the old haircloth sofa, immediately facing the carved mahogany bone of contention.

"It's perfectly useless, Mr. Hall," Dorothy was saying, "to try to explain to you why I care so much for the Highboy. As I've told you a thousand times, it is associated with my earliest childhood recollections, with my dear old friend, Miss Lavinia, and with all my air-castles and hopes for the future. But aside from all that, it has a charm that I can not explain. It seems to possess a magic influence over me, and—I simply must have it."

Philip Hall did not say what he really thought, which was, that the magic influence was largely a desire to

have her own way in the matter and would be best expressed by the word obstinacy.

Instead, he said: "Then you can readily understand how the Hall Highboy has cast that same magic influence over me, and makes it more than ever impossible that I should give it up to anybody."

Hoist with her own petard, Dorothy's last hope failed her, her eyes filled with tears, and with genuine sorrow in her voice she said: "I shall never mention the subject again. The Hall Highboy is yours, but whenever you look at it, remember that there is a broken heart in the world because of its loss."

This was a trump card, and it took Philip's trick.

"Dorothy," he cried, taking both her hands in his, "you may have the Highboy, it shall be yours, if—you will take me with it."

She looked him straight in the eyes. "I accept the condition," she said, "as I would accept any condition to get possession of my treasure."

"But don't you love him?" asked Nelly, when she heard the story.

"Of course I do," said Dorothy. "I adore him, but I shall never tell him so. He thinks I'm only marrying him for that ridiculous old chest of drawers. And," she added thoughtfully, "I'm not sure but I am."

"Yes, it's true," said Philip Hall, as Mr. Colton asked him about the engagement, "and I'm desperately in love with her. But I haven't really told her so; she thinks I'm marrying her because she owns that confounded Highboy."

"Philip," his fiancée said to him, as they were alone one evening, "wouldn't you really have asked me to marry you if it hadn't been for my precious heirloom?"

"Dorothy," he returned, "wouldn't you really have accepted me if I hadn't possessed that priceless Colonial Highboy of mine?"

"I'll tell you what we'll do," she cried: "let's each write on a paper the real, real truth and give it to each other."

"Very well," said Philip, "if you really are marrying me for the sake of the Highboy, write 'Highboy'; and if you truly love me for myself alone, just write 'You.'"

"All right," said Dorothy gleefully, "and you must do the same, and we must both write the honest, sacred truth."

"Agreed," said Philip, and without a moment's hesitation, each scribbled a word on a slip of paper. Folding the scraps small, they exchanged them with great solemnity.

"Now unfold them, lay them out on the table, and we'll read them together," said the girl.

Philip Hall smoothed out the bits of paper, laid them on the table, and, putting his arm around his affianced wife, they read together their confessions.

One paper bore the word "Highboy," while on the other was written "You."

THE COST of a PRIVATE WAR

The story of four young Chicago bandits who set out some nine months ago to murder and plunder for profit. In this time they killed six men, wounded four more, and committed nine robberies, the most sensational of which was the raid on the Sixty-first Street car-barns, Chicago. When one of them was at last captured and made to confess, the pursuit of the others began. At least five hundred men, in the aggregate, were engaged in this; and when finally the three desperadoes were brought to bay in a swamp, they killed two of their pursuers in open fight and murdered a brakeman who attempted to prevent the seizure of a locomotive.

By RALPH D. PAINE

FOUR young men, none older than twenty-three, began to rob and murder nine months ago, with Chicago as their hunting-ground. They were extraordinarily successful, and until captured in November had made a black record of six men murdered, four others wounded, and nine robberies. Now they will be most certainly hanged by the necks. This was inevitable; but their career was a failure also from a business standpoint. The gross proceeds of their crimes were \$2,540. The average daily income for each young bandit was two dollars and thirty-seven cents. Fate and the police granted them an amazing length of rope; but the noose was at the end of it, and their gains, for which they killed men on sight, were so pitifully small as to make the undertaking, in one way, a ghastly farce.

So far as can be traced, these youths, Van Dine, Roeski, Marx, and Niedemier, had no moral instincts, and their upheaval as deadly agents in a supposedly civilized society is as startling as it is singularly disquieting. Their twisted lives go back to their parents before they were born, and hold another lesson of the need for care in guarding the moral and social growth of childhood. When the bloody game had been played to the limit, their joint confession behind bars said: "We got tired of working. The humdrum of ordinary labor for a living was too monotonous, and we decided to lead a life of crime. On our second job we killed a saloon-keeper and got only two dollars and thirty-



HARVEY VAN DINE

Served in the regular army in Cuba and the Philippines, and was a first-class engineer by trade. He was the marksman of the gang; he shot a detective in the fight on the day of his capture and has committed five other murders.

five cents. After this we held up another saloon and killed two men. They would not hold up their hands, so we plugged them both. The price of lives was going up. They were worth fourteen dollars apiece that time. We decided that we would go after something big, so we began to investigate the car-barns and looked over most of them in the city."

They talked as if describing a rabbit hunt. In the car-barn chosen for attack, the windows were smashed and a general fire was opened. After one killing, "Marx went into the wash-room to see if there was any one in there. He saw Johnson crouched and hiding, and thought it advisable to kill him and did kill him."

Again, during their flight and pursuit, runs the confession: "When Driscoll (a detective) came from behind a tree with a gun and started for the dugout, Niedemier just took one shot at him and fixed him. Zimmer (another pursuer) was behind the tree and he stuck his face out, and Van Dine fired three shots at him, hitting him in the face twice. When we got away from there, and got on a train, the brakeman got fussy, and Niedemier took a shot at him and fixed him."

Yet in the final fight, Van Dine, the red-headed young fiend who boasted of his killings, said that he was taken alive only because he loved his mother and wanted to see her again. All standards of human conduct and average emotions must be flung away. None of them fit this quartet. Yet they met and banded together as if their kind were bred every day. One such distorted soul in a community is rare; four, all bereft of fear or scruples, one giving strength where the other lacked, make a combination whose like has never been known in a city of this country.

After he was caught, Niedemier said that he was tired of killing, and he hadn't the heart to kill harmless farmers who were hunting him, because they reminded him of his "old man." This youth, with his absurd glimmer of sentiment, had been the most dangerous of the four. With the build of a bulldog, the cunning of a fox, and an inhuman ferocity, he gloried in his "grit." He held a policeman to be his natural enemy, and society his rightful field for booty. Yet he seems to have had wholesome surroundings in early childhood, by comparison with those of his comrades.



WINDOW NEAR THE ENTRANCE OF THE CAR-BARN

It was through the grating of this window that Niedemier fired into the office, killing one clerk and wounding another, while Marx murdered a motorman who was trying to hide in a neighboring room to save his life.

But as a boy of fifteen, he shot a railroad detective for ordering him from the top of a freight train in Ontario, and after that his life was pitted with evil daringly and deliberately sought. After his first murder, they were no sooner done than they were out of his mind, and there seems to have been a vacuum where his conscience should be. The father of Marx is serving a penitentiary sentence, and Van Dine's father hides in Mexico for private reasons. Such philosophy of life as these pitiful young wretches pretend to, is in this braggart summing up: "I don't believe in another life. We get our rewards and punishments here. I believe I ended their troubles for those men I killed, and I believe that when the drop falls, the taut rope will end all my troubles."



DUGOUT IN WHICH THE BANDITS SOUGHT REFUGE

The three young desperadoes lived in this hole, in a swamp in Lake County, just across the Indiana line, for five days while the police and organized posses were scouring the neighborhood in search of them. When discovered they resisted arrest and fought fiercely, killing two detectives and finally breaking through the attacking force and escaping temporarily.

Marx was crippled by bad instincts from the start. Petty theft seemed to be as natural as breathing when he was a bit of a lad. He was the terror of his public school. He grew up to be a painter by trade and earned good wages when he chose to work. He became a loafer around saloons, and thereby fell in with his old schoolmates, Van Dine and Niedemier. The three began crime together by breaking into a public school and stealing lead pipe. They were caught and sent to the bridewell, and, as often happens, learned the ways of the under-world from old offenders and came out tough and hardened, ambitious for gainful misdeeds.

Van Dine was an engineer, and a good one, finding employment whenever he wished to work. He was not pleased with dull honesty. He wanted excitement and hazard. "This dime-novel talk the other fellows with me are putting up is all rot," he said. "I like fiction, good stories, and history. I wasn't trying to be a professional bad man. I just wanted excitement, and I'd have taken up anything else if there had been the same amount of ginger in it." There is some color for this limping excuse, for Van Dine served in Cuba and saw service in the Philippines.

Roeski, less resourceful and daring than the others, did not have a bad record until he joined in the devilish plans of the bolder conspirators. Discontented with poor pay and hard work in a brewery, he was easily led by glittering promises of large and easy reward and specious hopes of immunity.

Chicago was not unused to "hold-ups" and shootings last spring and summer, and five single crimes of the kind were to the credit of this band before the city woke up to their deadly campaign. On August 30, however, came the news of one of the most daring and murderous outrages in the history of the eventful city. The street-car barns at Sixty-first and State Streets had been held up at three o'clock in the morning, the office door battered down with a sledge-hammer, one clerk killed, another wounded, and a waiting motorman shot down in cold blood as he sought hiding. The bandits got \$2,250 in silver and bills and left no clew. The police were staggered, and groped helplessly for two months. Not a car left the barns without a conspicuous sign on the dashboards, offering \$5,000 reward for the capture of the murderers, but they had vanished. Exploded shells found in the offices showed that the outlaws had used automatic revolvers. Such shells had been found near the scenes of several other murderous "hold-ups" of the year, and the police sagaciously concluded that one gang was guilty of all crimes thus marked. Up to that time, the automatic revolver was a new weapon in the highway robbery industry of Chicago.

It was not until late in November that the police



PETER NIEDEMIER

Began his criminal career at the age of fifteen by shooting a railroad detective. He has committed four murders and has assisted in the killing of several other men. He was the leader of the gang

were able to make a shadow of headway. Then information was brought that a young man, Gustav Marx, had let an automatic, or rapid-fire, revolver be seen in his keeping, when he was trying to hide it. Detectives Quinn and Blaul were sent out to track Marx, up to then unknown to police records. They found him in a saloon on the northwest side of the city, a quiet, well-dressed young person, who showed no uneasiness when addressed. Marx did not reply, but like lightning pulled a sawed-off revolver from his clothing, and shot Quinn dead in his tracks. But for a hitch in the mechanism the other detective would have been murdered before he could move.

him down in revenge, but the marked man had left town. Then they conspired to burn a building near the Sheffield Avenue Police Station, and thus drawing away the patrol force, to dynamite the jail and free Marx.

When they learned that he had "squealed," they saw the shadow of the scaffold, and fled into Indiana. On Thanksgiving morning, Van Dine and Niedemier walked into a grocery store at Clark's Station to buy provisions. A school-teacher recognized Van Dine from the description sent broadcast after Marx had told all he knew. Word was wired to the Chicago police, and there began a man-hunt fierce and vast.



GUSTAV MARX

A painter by trade, but has been a thief since early boyhood. He was arrested for shooting and killing a detective, and then "squealed" on his confederates in the car-barn hold-up.

half-hidden hut seemed deserted. Detective Driscoll, bolder than the others, was a little ahead, and was saying that it looked as if the birds had flown. He did not finish. The hut spat fire and Driscoll fell with a shattering bullet through the body. His comrades opened fire, and the dugout returned volleys from revolver and rifle. One detective found a hand-car and started for Chicago with the dying Driscoll.

This reduced the odds and the besieged desperadoes made a sortie. Van Dine, Niedemier, and Roeski left their shelter and charged into the open, toward the railroad track, firing with both hands as they ran. They were not flustered. Van Dine shot with amazing coolness and deadly marksmanship. He put a bullet through the arm of Detective Zimmer, who tried to get behind a tree and thought himself safe there. Van Dine picked him off as he slightly exposed himself and shot him in the head.

The detectives were routed, and the trio struggled through the snow, toward East Tolleston, seven miles away. Roeski had been wounded, and dragged himself after his comrades, bleeding and almost at the end of his rope. He grew faint, and became afraid that these companions of his would kill him to rid themselves of a burden. They remembered the confession of Marx after capture, and were not willing to take more chances of this sort. A human life was nothing even if it were that of a friend and follower in crime.

The wounded fugitive dragged himself into a cornfield and hid there. Later he revived, made his way to a railroad station, washed the blood from his face and hands in the waiting-room, and returned to Chicago. The police traced him and pounced upon him while he was asleep. This was the inglorious finale of Roeski, who had sworn to die fighting in his tracks.

Meantime the two still free pushed on to the little village of East Tolleston, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, near which they saw a sidetracked freight train. It was the last chance of escape, and other men's lives

were a perilous hazard if they stood in their path. Niedemier stuck his revolver into the face of Brake-man Sovea, and ordered him to throw the switch. Van Dine leaped on the engine and covered the fireman. Luckless Sovea, thinking his assailants drunk or crazy, wrestled with Niedemier for the revolver.

The thug shot him dead with the remark: "The man doesn't live who can take that gun out of my hand." The fireman uncoupled the engine after this chilling argument and backed down the main track. The engineer, who was away from the train, got wind of the trouble and sent a message to the operator at Liverpool, the next station. The engine was sidetracked there, but Van Dine ordered it run back again, and the fireman sullenly obeyed.

Two miles back ran this shuttlecock of life and death, and then the fugitives deserted this hopeless trail, and took to the marshes. News of the murdered brakeman spread fast, and farmers, hunters, and deputies were ranging the country-side, with itching trigger fingers. A special train came from Chicago crowded with deputies and detectives. Five hundred men were eager to kill the bandits on sight.

A band of rabbit hunters were first to see Van Dine and Niedemier as the tired refugees dodged in and out of the corn-shucks, and along the edge of the underbrush near Tolleston. The hunters poured birdshot into the cornfield and flushed the bandits from their cover. A party of police soon joined the last fight.

Both bandits were peppered with bird-shot, and wiped red smears from their faces as they tried to find a way out of the trap. They did not return the fire. Hedged in by a fast-closing circle of shotguns and revolvers, Van Dine and Niedemier made their last throw with the dice of fate that had been strangely kind to them. The angry man-hunters expected hard fighting, but the two murderers threw down their guns and walked out to surrender with "hands up."

This was the inconsistent anti-climax of their nine months' career, in which they had shot ten men as carelessly as they had lighted their cigarettes. "Killing any more of those fellows would not have helped us out," said Van Dine. "The jig was up."

The mother of young Marx was asked why her boy had become so desperate and deliberate a criminal. Her reply was an old, old story. But it is not commonplace when it comes from such a source. Her son was awaiting death by the rope when she used him as a lesson. "Tell all boys to beware of dime novels, to abstain from drink, to avoid bad company. And tell all the fathers who have growing sons to be companions to them and to set them a wholesome example."

The youths seem to have regretted only one incident of their career, not what they had done, but what they had failed to do. "It was too bad that Marx was caught so early," said Niedemier. "He spoiled things by being in such a hurry to tell all he knew to the cops. We would have rescued him. We had it all planned. When the station was practically deserted, we would walk in the front door, kill the man at the desk, and any other policeman that happened to be loafing around,



EMIL ROESKI

Wary of working at low wages in a brewery, Roeski fell in with Niedemier, with whom he took part in the murder of a bartender and a ticket agent. In the last fight he was wounded, and was captured while asleep.



OFFICE OF THE SIXTY-FIRST STREET CAR-BARN, CHICAGO

It was in this room that one clerk was killed and another wounded in the early morning of August 30, 1903, when the bandits made their raid. They rifled the safe and secured two thousand dollars, mostly in silver and small change. They left no clue to their identity and the police had almost given up hope of solving the mystery when Marx was captured for another crime and confessed his part in the outrage.

take the keys from the jail-keeper, or blow off the lock with dynamite."

The four youths were indicted for murder within twenty-four hours after their capture. There was no defence; there could be none. Yet to the respectable and normal citizen, their conduct runs athwart all standards of a sane attitude toward society. These wretched boys were brain-sick, yet morally and legally responsible for their deeds.

THE BORDERLAND

By WINSTON CHURCHILL, *Author of The Crisis*

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

THE BORDERLAND, begun in Collier's for December 5, deals with the Louisiana Purchase period, and is the complete story of George Rogers Clark's famous campaign of Kaskaskia and Vincennes. It tells of the life of those pioneers who, under Clark's leadership, captured from the British and savages that great territory which now comprises the States of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. The story is told by David Ritchie, a canny youngster of Scotch descent, who, left an orphan, drifted with the tide across the Alleghenies, saw the brutalities of the fighting in the log forts, and went with Clark's men to Kaskaskia and Vincennes. At the opening of the story, David is living with his father in the Blue Ridge country. News reaches them that the Cherokees are on the warpath, and Ritchie decides to join in fighting the enemy. He first takes his son to Charlestown, there placing him under the care of one Temple. From his new home David witnesses the bombardment of the fort by British ships. To the boy's delight, the attack is repulsed. His host meanwhile, suspected of political equivocation, has fled the city. David is then sent to Temple's country seat, where he learns that his father has been killed by the Indians. Leaving his new home, the boy joins a backwoodsman traveling with his granddaughter, Polly Ann, toward their cabin in the Blue Ridge. After the three have been settled there for some time, Polly Ann's lover, Tom McChesney, unexpectedly returns from an Indian campaign. He loses no time in marrying the girl.

CHAPTER VIII.—The Nollchucky Trace

AS LONG as I live I shall never forget the morning we started on our journey across the Blue Wall. Before the sun chased away the filmy veil of mist from the brooks in the valley, the McChesneys, father, mother, and children, were gathered to see us depart. And as they helped us to tighten the packsaddles Tom himself had made from chosen tree-forks, they did not cease lamenting that we were going to certain death. Our scrawny horses splashed across the stream, and we turned to see a gaunt and lonely figure standing apart against the sun, stern and sorrowful. We waved our hands, and set our faces toward Kaintuckee.

Tom walked ahead, rifle on shoulder, then Polly Ann; and lastly I drove the two shaggy ponies, the instruments of husbandry we had been able to gather away on their packs—a scythe, a spade, and a hoe. I triumphantly carried the axe.

It was not long before we were in the wilderness, shut in by mountain crags. And presently Polly Ann forgot her sorrows in the perils of the trace. Choked by briars and grapevines, blocked by sliding stones and earth, it rose and rose through the heat and burden of the day until it lost itself in the open heights. As the sun was wearing down to the western ridges the mischievous sorrel mare turned her pack on a sapling and one of the precious bags burst. In an instant we were on our knees gathering the golden meal in our hands. Polly Ann baked journeycakes on a hot stone from what we saved under the shiny ivy leaves, and scarce had I spancled the horses ere Tom returned with a fat turkey he had shot.

"Was there ever such a wedding journey?" said Polly Ann, as we sat about the fire, for the mountain air was chill. "And Tom and Davy as grave as parsons. Ye'd guess one of you was Rutherford himself and the other Mr. Boone."

No wonder he was grave. I little realized then the task he had set himself, to pilot a woman and a lad into a country haunted by frenzied savages, when single men feared to go this season. But now he smiled and patted Polly Ann's brown hand.

"It's one of yer own choosing, lass," said he.

"Of my own choosing!" cried she. "Come, Davy, we'll go back to Grandpa."

Tom grinned.

"I reckon the redskins won't bother us till we git by the Nollchucky and Watauga settlements," he said.

"The redskins!" said Polly Ann, indignant; "I reckon if one of 'em did git me he'd kiss me once in a while." Whereupon Tom, looking more sheepish still, tried to kiss her, and failed ignominiously, for she vanished into the dark woods.

"If a redskin got you here," said Tom, when she had slipped back, "he'd fetch you to Nick-a-jack Cave."

"What's that?" she demanded.

"Where all the red and white and yellow scalawags over the mountains is gathered," he answered. And he told of a deep gorge between towering mountains where a great river cried angrily, of a black cave out of which a stream ran, where a man could paddle a dugout for miles into the rock. The river was the Tennessee, and the place the resort of the Chickamauga bandits, pirates of the mountains, outcasts of all nations. And dragging Canoe was their chief.

It was on the whole a merry journey, the first part of it, if a rough one. Often Polly Ann would draw me to her and whisper, "We'll hold out, Davy. He'll never know." When the truth was that the big fellow was going at half his pace on our account. He told us there was no fear of redskins here, yet, when the scream of a painter or the hoot of an owl stirred me from my exhausted slumber, I caught sight of him one morning, with his back to a tree, staring into the forest, his rifle at his side.

"Turn about's fair," I expostulated.



WE WOULD SIT HUDDLED TOGETHER BY THE FIRE

"Ye'll need your sleep, Davy," said he, "or ye'll never grow any bigger."

"I thought Kaintuckee was to the west," I said, "and you're making north." For I had observed him day after day. We had left the trails. Sometimes he climbed a tree, and again he sent me to the upper branches whence I surveyed a sea of treetops waving in the wind, and looked onward to where a green velvet hollow lay nestling on the western side of a saddle-backed ridge.

"North!" said Tom to Polly Ann, laughing. "The little devil will beat me at woodcraft soon. Sure north, Davy. I'm hunting for the Nollchucky Trace which leads to the Watauga settlement."

It was wonderful to me how he chose his way through the mountains. Once in a while we came to a yellow blaze in a tree, made by himself scarce a month gone, when he came southward alone to fetch Polly Ann. Once the tired roan shied back from the bleached bones of a traveler, picked clean by wolves. At sundown, when we loosed our exhausted horses to graze on the wet grass by the streams, Tom would go off to look for a deer or turkey, and often not come back to us until long after darkness had fallen.

"Davy'll take care of you, Polly Ann," he would say as he left us. And she would smile at him bravely and say, "I reckon I can look out for Davy a while yet."

But when he was gone, and the crooning stillness set in, broken only by the many sounds of the night, we would sit huddled together by the fire. It was dread for him she felt, not for herself. And in both our minds rose red images of hideous foes skulking behind his brave form as he trod the forest. Polly Ann was not the woman to whimper.

And yet I have but dim recollections of this journey, though it was no hardship to a lad brought up in woodcraft. Fear of the Indians, like a dog shivering with the cold, was a deadened pain on the border.

Strangely enough, it was I who chanced upon the Nollchucky Trace, which follows the meanderings of that river northward through the great Smoky Mountains. It was made long ago by the Southern Indians as they threaded their way to the Hunting Lands of Kaintuckee and shared now by Indian traders. The path was redolent with odors, and bright with mountain shrubs and flowers—the pink laurel bush, the shining rhododendron, and the grape and plum and wild crab. The clear notes of the mountain birds were in our ears by day, and the music of the water falling over the ledges, mingled with that of the leaves rustling in the wind, lulled us to sleep at night. High above us, as we descended, the gap, from naked crag to timber-covered ridge, was spanned by the eagle's flight. And virgin valleys where future generations were to be born spread out and narrowed again—valleys with a deep carpet of cane and grass, where the deer and elk and bear fed unmolested.

It was perchance the next evening that my eyes fell upon a sight which is one of the wonders of my boyish memories. The trail slipped to the edge of a precipice, and at our feet the valley widened. Planted amid giant trees on a shining green lawn that ran down to the racing Nollchucky, was the strangest house it has ever been my lot to see—of no shape, of huge size, and built of logs, one wing hitched to another by "dog alleys" (as we called them); and from its wide stone chimneys the pearly smoke rose upward in the still air through the poplar branches. Beyond it a setting sun gilded the cornfields, and horses and cattle dotted the pastures. We stood for a while, staring at this oasis in the wilderness. To my boyish fancy it was a fitting introduction to a delectable land.

"Glory be to heaven!" exclaimed Polly Ann. "It's Nollchucky Jack's house," said Tom.

"And who may he be?" said she.

"Who may he be?" cried Tom; "Captain John Sevier, king of the border, and I reckon the best man to sweep out redskins in the Watauga settlements."

"Do you know him?" said she.

"I was chose as one of his scouts when we fired the Cherokee hill towns last summer," said Tom with pride. "Thar was blood and thunder for ye! We went down the Great War-path which lies below us, and when



I SURVEYED A SEA OF TREETOPS WAVING IN THE WIND

we was through there wasn't a corn-shuck or a wigwam or a war post left. We didn't harm the squaws nor the children, but there warn't no prisoners took. When Nollchucky Jack strikes I reckon it's more like a thunderbolt nor anything else."

"Do you think he's to home, Tom?" I asked, fearful that I would not see this celebrated person.

"We'll soon farn," said he, as we descended. "I heerd he was agoin' to punish them Chickamauga robbers by Nick-a-jack."

Just then we heard a prodigious barking, and a dozen hounds came charging down the path at our horses' legs, the roan shying into the truck patch. A man's voice, deep, clear, compelling, was heard calling: "Vi! Flora! Ripper!"

I saw him coming from the porch of the house, a tall, slim figure in a hunting-shirt that fitted to perfection and cavalry boots. His face, his carriage, his quick movement and stride filled my notion of a hero, and my instinct told me he was a gentleman born.

"Why, bless my soul, it's Tom McChesney!" he cried, ten paces away, while Tom grinned with pleasure at the recognition. "But what have you here?"

"A wife," said Tom, standing on one foot.

Captain Sevier fixed his dark blue eyes on Polly Ann with approbation, and he bowed to her very gracefully.

"Where are you going, ma'am, may I ask?" he said.

"To Kaintuckee," said Polly Ann.

"To Kaintuckee!" cried Captain Sevier, turning to Tom. "Egad, then, you've no right to a wife—and to such a wife," and he glanced again at Polly Ann. "Why, McChesney, you never struck me as a rash man. Have you lost your senses, to take a woman into Kentucky this year?"

"So the forts be still in trouble?" said Tom.

"Trouble!" cried Mr. Sevier, with a quick fling of his whip at an unruly hound, "Harrodstown, Boonesboro, Logan's Fort at St. Asaph's—they don't dare stick their noses outside the stockades! The Indians have swarmed into Kentucky like red ants, I tell you. Ten days ago, when I was in the Holston settlements, Major Ben Logan came in. His fort had been shut up since May; they were out of powder and lead, and somebody had to come. How did he come? As the wolf lopes, nay, as the crow flies over crag and ford, Cumberland, Clinch, and all, forty miles a day for five days, and never saw a trace—for the war parties were watching the Wilderness Road." And he swung again toward Polly Ann. "You'll not go to Kaintuckee, ma'am; you'll stay here with us until the redskins are beaten off there. He may go if he likes."

"I reckon we didn't come this far to give out, Captain Sevier," said she.

"You don't look to be the kind to give out, Mrs. McChesney," said he. "And yet it may not be a matter of giving out," he added more soberly. "This mixture of heartiness and gravity seemed to sit well on him. 'Surely you have been enterprising, Tom. Where in the name of the Continental Congress did you get the lad?'"

"I married him along with Polly Ann," said Tom. "That was the bargain, and I reckon he was worth it."

"I'd take a dozen to get her," said Mr. Sevier, while Polly Ann blushed. "Well, well, supper's waiting us, and cider and applejack, for we don't get a wedding party every day. Some gentlemen are here whose word may have more weight and whose attractions may be greater than mine."

He whistled to a negro lad, who took our horses, and led us through the courtyard and the house to the lawn at the far side of it. A rude table was set there under a great tree, and around it three gentlemen were talking. My memory of all of them is more vivid than it might be were their names not household words in the Western country. Captain Sevier startled them.

"My friends," said he, "if you have despatches for Kaintuckee, I pray you get them ready overnight."

They looked up at him, one sternly, the other two gravely.

"What the devil do you mean, Sevier?" said the stern one.

"That my friend, Tom McChesney, is going there with his wife, unless we can stop him," said Sevier. "Stop him!" thundered the stern gentleman, kicking back his chair and straightening up to what seemed to me a colossal height. I stared at him, boylike. He had long, iron-gray hair and a creased, fleshy face and sunken eyes. He looked as if he might stop anybody as he turned upon Tom. "Who the devil is this Tom McChesney?" he demanded.

Sevier laughed. "The best scout I ever laid eyes on," said he. "A deadly man with a Deckard, an unerring man at choosing a wife" (and he bowed to the reddening Polly Ann), "and a fool to run the risk of losing her."

"Tut, tut," said the iron gentleman, who was the famous Captain Evan Shelby of King's Meadows, "he'll leave her here in our settlements while he helps us fight Dragging Canoe and his Chickamauga pirates."

"If he leaves me," said Polly Ann, her eyes flashing, "that's an end to the bargain. He'll never find me more."

Captain Sevier laughed again.

"There's spirit for you," he cried, slapping his whip against his boot.

At this another gentleman stood up, a younger counterpart of the first, only he towered higher and his shoulders were broader. He had a big, featured face and pleasant eyes—that twinkled now—sunken in, with fleshy creases at the corners.

"Tom McChesney," said he, "don't mind my father. If any man beside Logan can get inside the forts, you can. Do you remember me?"

"I reckon I do, Mr. Isaac Shelby," said Tom, putting a big hand into Mr. Shelby's bigger one. "I reckon I won't soon forget how you stepped out of ranks and took command when the boys was runnin', and turned the tide."

He looked like the man to step out of ranks and take command.

"Pish!" said Mr. Isaac Shelby, blushing like a girl; "where would I have been if you and Moore and Findley and the rest hadn't stood 'em off till we turned 'em round?"

By this time the third gentleman had drawn my attention. Not by anything he said, for he remained silent, sitting with his dark brown head bent forward, quietly gazing at the scene from under his brows. The instant he spoke they turned toward him. He was perhaps forty and broad-shouldered, not so tall as Mr. Sevier.

"Why do you go to Kaintuckee, McChesney?" he asked.

"I give my word to Mr. Harrod and Mr. Clark to come back, Mr. Robertson," said Tom.

"And the wife? If you take her, you run a great risk of losing her."

"And if he leaves me," said Polly Ann, flinging her head, "he will lose me sure."

The others laughed, but Mr. Robertson merely smiled.

"Faith," cried Captain Sevier, "if those I met coming back helter-skelter over the Wilderness Trace had been of that stripe, they'd have more men in the forts now."

With that the Captain called for supper to be served where we sat. He was a widower, with lads somewhere near my own age, and I recall being shown about the place by them. And later, when the fireflies glowed and the Nollchucky sang in the darkness, we listened to the talk of the war of the year gone by. I needed not to be told that before me were the renowned leaders of the Watauga settlements. My hero-worship cried it aloud within me. These captains dwelt on the borderland of mystery, conquered the wilderness, and drove before them its savage tribes by their might. When they spoke of the Cherokees and told how that same Stuart—the companion of Cameron—was urging them to war against our people, a fierce anger blazed within me. For the Cherokees had killed my father.

Remember the men—scarcely what they said: Evan Shelby's words, like heavy blows on an anvil; Isaac Shelby's, none the less forceful; James Robertson compelling his listeners by some strange power. He was perchance the strongest man there, though none of us guessed, after ruling that region, that he was to repeat untold hardships to found and rear another settlement further west. But best I loved to hear Captain Sevier, whose talk lacked not force, but had a daring, a humor, a lightness of touch, which seemed more in keeping with that world I had left behind me in Charlestown. Him I loved, and at length I solved the puzzle. To me he was Nick Temple grown to manhood.

I slept in the room with Captain Sevier's boys, and one window of it was of paper smeared with bear-grease, through which the sunlight came all yellow in the morning. I had a boy's interest in affairs, and I remember being told that the gentlemen were met here to discuss the treaty between themselves and the great Oconostota, chief of the Cherokees, and also to consider the policy of punishing once for all Dragging Canoe and his bandits at Chickamauga.

As we sat at breakfast under the trees, these gentlemen generously dropped their own business to advise Tom, and I observed with pride that he had gained their regard during the last year's war. Shelby's threats and Robertson's warnings and Sevier's exhortations having no effect upon his determination to proceed to Kentucky, they began to advise Tom how to go, he sitting silent while they talked. And finally, when they asked him, he spoke of making through Carter's Valley for Cumberland Gap and the Wilderness Trail.

"Egad," cried Captain Sevier, "I have so many times found the boldest plan the safest that I have become

a coward that way. What do you say to it, Mr. Robertson?"

Mr. Robertson leaned his square shoulders over the table.

"He may fall in with a party going over," he answered, without looking up.

Polly Ann looked at Tom as if to say that the whole Continental Army could not give her as much protection.

We left that hospitable place about nine o'clock, Mr. Robertson having written a letter to Colonel Daniel Boone—shut up in the fort at Boonesboro—should we be so fortunate as to reach Kaintuckee; and another to a young gentleman by the name of George Rogers Clark—apparently a leader there. Captain Sevier bowed over Polly Ann's hand as if she were a great lady, and wished her a happy honeymoon, and me he patted on the head and called me a brave lad. And soon we had passed beyond the cornfield into the Wilderness again.

Our way was down the Nollchucky, past the great bend of it below Lack Creek, and so to the Great War-path, the trail by which countless parties of red marauders had traveled north and south. It led, indeed, northeast between the mountain ranges. Although we kept a watch by day and night, we saw no sign of Dragging Canoe or his men, and at length we forded the Holston and came to the scattered settlement in Carter's Valley.

I have since racked my brain to remember at whose cabin we stopped there. He was a rough backwoods-



HE THREW UP HIS ARMS AND FELL FORWARD, WRITHING, ON THE TURF

man with a wife and a horde of children. But I recall that a great rain came out of the mountains and down the valley. We were counting over the powder gourds in our packs, when there burst in at the door as wild a man as I have ever seen my lot to see. His brown beard was grown like a bramble patch, his eye had a violet light, and his hunting-shirt was in tatters. He was thin to gauntness, and ate ravenously of the food that was set before him. Throwing off his soaked moccasins, he spread his scalded feet to the blaze, and the steaming odor of drying leather filled the room.

"What be ye from?" asked Tom.

For answer the man bared his arm, then his shoulder, and two angry scars, long and red, revealed themselves, and around his wrists were deep gouges where he had been bound.

"They killed Sue," he cried, "sculped her afore my very eyes. And they chopped my boy outen the hickory withes and carried him to the Creek Nation. At a place where there was a standin' stone I broke loose from three of 'em and come here over the mountains, and I ain't had nothin', stranger, but berries and chainey brier-root for ten days. God help 'em!" he cried, standing up and tottering with the pain in his feet; "if I can get a Deckard—"

"Will you go back?" said Tom.

"Go back?" he shouted. "I'll go back and fight 'em while I have blood in my body."

He fell into a bunk, but his sorrow haunted him even in his troubled sleep, and his moans awoke us as we listened. The next day he told us his story with more calmness. It was horrible indeed, and might well have frightened a less courageous woman than Polly Ann. Implying her not to go, he became wild again, and brought tears to her eyes when he spoke of his own wife. "They tomahawked her, ma'am, because she could not walk, and the baby beside her, and I standing by with my arms tied."

As long as I live I shall never forget that scene, and how Tom pleaded with Polly Ann to stay behind, but she would not listen to him.

"You're going, Tom?" she said.

"Yes," he answered, turning away, "I gave 'em my word."

"And your word to me?" said Polly Ann.

He did not answer.

We fixed on a Saturday to start, to give the horses time to rest, and in the hope that we might hear of some relief party going over the Gap. On Thursday Tom made a trip to the store in the valley, and came back with a Deckard rifle he had bought for the stranger, whose name was Weldon. There was no news from Kaintuckee, but the Carter's Valley settlers seemed to think that matters were better there. It was that same night, I believe, that two men arrived from Fort Chiswell. One, whose name was Cutcheon, was a little man with a short forehead and a bad eye, and he wore a weather-beaten blue coat of military cut. The second was a big, light-colored, fleshy man, and a loud talker. He wore a hunting-shirt and leggings. They were both the worse for rum they had had on the road, the big man talking very loud and boastfully.

"Afeard to go to Kaintuckee?" said he. "I've met a parcel o' cowards on the road, turned back. There ain't nothin' to be afeard of, eh, stranger," he added, to Tom, who paid no manner of attention to him. The small man scarce opened his mouth, but sat with his head bowed forward on his breast when he was not drinking. We passed a dismal, crowded night in the room with such companions. When they heard that

we were to go over the mountains nothing would satisfy the big man but to go with us.

"Come, stranger," said he to Tom, "two good rifles such as we ain't to be thrown away."

"Why do you want to go over?" asked Tom. "Be ye a Tory?" he demanded suspiciously.

"Why do you go over?" retorted Riley, for that was his name. "I reckon I'm no more of a Tory than you."

"Whar did ye come from?" said Tom.

"Chiswell's mines, taking out lead for the army o' Congress. But there ain't excitement enough in it."

"And you?" said Tom, turning to Cutcheon and eyeing his military coat.

"I got tired of their eternal discipline," the man answered surlily. He was a deserter.

"Look you," said Tom sternly, "if you come, what I say is law."

Such was the sacrifice we were put to by our need of company. But in those days a man was a man, and scarce enough on the Wilderness Trail in that year of '77. So we started away from Carter's Valley on a bright Saturday morning, the grass glistening after a week's rain, the road sodden, and the smell of the summer earth heavy. Tom and Weldon walked ahead, driving the two horses, followed by Cutcheon, his head dropped between his shoulders. The big man, Riley, regaled Polly Ann. "My pluck is," said he, "my pluck is to give a redskin no chance. Shoot 'em down like hogs. It takes a good un to stalk me, ma'am. Up on the Kanawha I've had hand-to-hand fights with 'em and made 'em cry quits."

"Law!" exclaimed Polly Ann, nudging me, "it was a lucky thing we run into you in the valley."

But presently we left the road and took a mountain trail—as stiff a climb as we had yet had. Polly Ann went up it like a bird, talking all the while to Riley, who blew like a bellows. For once he was silent.

We spent two, perchance three, days climbing and descending and fording. At night Tom would suffer none to watch save Weldon and himself, not trusting Riley or Cutcheon. And the rascals were well content to sleep. At length we came to a cabin on a creek, the corn between the stumps around it choked with weeds and no sign of smoke in the chimney. Behind it slanted up, in giant steps, a forest-clad hill of a thousand feet, and in front of it the stream was dammed and lined with cane.

"Who keeps house?" cried Tom, at the threshold.

He pushed back the door, fashioned in one great slab from a forest tree. His welcome was an angry whirr, and a huge yellow rattler lay coiled within, his head reared to strike. Polly Ann leaned back.

"Mercy!" she cried, "that's a bad sign."

But Tom killed the snake, and we made ready to use the cabin that night and the next day. For the horses were to be rested and meat was to be got, as we could not use our guns so freely on the far side of Cumberland Gap. In the morning, before he and Weldon left, Tom took me around the end of the cabin.

"Davy," said he, "I don't trust these rascals. Kin you shoot a pistol?"

I reckoned I could.

He had taken one out of the pack he had got from Captain Sevier and pushed it between the logs where the clay had fallen out. "If they try anything," said he, "shoot 'em. And don't be afeard of killing 'em." He patted me on the back and went off up the slope with Weldon. Polly Ann and I stood watching them until they were out of sight.

About eleven o'clock Riley and Cutcheon moved off to the edge of a cane-brake near the water, and sat there for a while, talking in low tones. The horses were belled and spangled near by, feeding on the cane and wild grass, and Polly Ann was cooking journey-cakes on a stone.

"What makes you so sober, Davy?" she said.

I didn't answer.

"Davy," she cried, "be happy while you're young."

'Tis a fine day and Kaintuckee's over yonder." She picked up her skirts and sang:

"First upon the heelp,
Then upon the toe,
Every time you turn about,
Jump Jim Crow—
Jump Juba!"

The men by the cane-brake turned and came toward us.

"Ye're happy to-day, Mis' McChesney," said Riley.

"Why shouldn't I be?" said Polly Ann; "we're all a-goin' to Kaintuckee."

"We're a-goin' back to Cyarter's Valley," said Riley, in his blustering way. "This here ain't as excitin' as I thought. I reckon there ain't no redskins nohow."

"What!" cried Polly Ann, in loud scorn, "ye're a-goin' to desert? There'll be redskins enough by and by, I'll warrant you."

"How'd you like to come along of us?" says Riley; "that ain't any place for wimmen, over yonder."

"Along of you?" cried Polly Ann, with flashing eyes. "Do you hear that, Davy?"

I did. Meanwhile the man Cutcheon was slowly walking toward her. It took scarce a second for me to make up my mind. I slipped around the corner of the house, seized the pistol, primed it with a trembling hand and came back to behold Polly Ann, with flaming cheeks, facing them. They did not so much as glance at me. Riley held a little back of the two, being the coward. But Cutcheon stood ready, like a wolf.


I did not wait for him to spring, but, taking the best aim I could with my two hands, fired. With a curse that echoed in the crags, he threw up his arms and fell forward, writhing, on the turf.

"Run for the cabin, Polly Ann," I shouted, "and bar the door."

There was no need. For an instant Riley wavered and then fled to the cane.

Polly Ann and I went to the man on the ground and turned him over. His eyes slid upward. There was a

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bloody froth on his lips. "Davy!" cried she, awestricken, "Davy, ye've killed him!"
I grew dizzy and sick at the thought, but she caught me and held me to her. Presently we sat down on the door log gazing at the corpse. Then I began to reflect, and took out my powder gourd and loaded the pistol.

"What are you doing?" she said.
"In case the other one comes back," said I.
"Pooh," said Polly Ann, "he'll not come back." Which was true. I have never laid eyes on Riley to this day.

"I reckon we'd better fetch it out of the sun," said she, after a while. And so we dragged it under an oak, covered the face and left it.

He was the first man I ever killed. The business by no means came natural to me. And that day the journey-cakes which Polly Ann had made were untasted by us both. The afternoon dragged interminably. Try as we would, we could not get out of our minds the Thing that lay under the oak.

It was near sundown when Tom and Weldon appeared on the mountain side, carrying a buck between them. Tom glanced from one to the other of us keenly. He was very quick to divine.

"Where be they?" said he.

"Show him, Davy," said Polly Ann.

I took him over to the oak and Polly Ann told him the story. He gave me one look, I remember, and there was more of gratitude in it than in a thousand words. Then he seized a piece of cold cake from the stone.

"Which trace did he take?" he demanded of me.

But Polly Ann hung on his shoulder.

"Tom! Tom!" she cried, "you beant goin' to leave us again. Tom, he'll die in the wilderness, and we must get to Kaintuckee."

The next vivid thing in my memory is the view of the last barrier Nature had reared between us and the delectable country. It stood like a lion at the gateway, and for some minutes we gazed at it in terror from Powell's Valley below. How many thousands have looked at it with sinking hearts! How many weaklings has its frown turned back? There seemed to be engraved upon it the dark history of the dark and bloody land beyond. Nothing in this life worth having is won for the asking; and the best is fought for, and bled for, and died for. Written, too, upon that towering wall of white rock, in the handwriting of God Himself, is the history of the indomitable Race to which we belong.

For fifty miles we traveled under it toward the Gap, our eyes drawn to it by a resistless fascination. The sun went over it early in the day, as though glad to leave the place, and after that a dark scowl would settle upon it. At night we felt its presence, like a curse. Even Polly Ann was silent. And she had need to be now. When it was necessary, we talked in low tones, and the bell-clappers on the horses were not loosed at night. It was here, but four years gone, that Daniel Boone's family was attacked, and his son killed by the Indians.

We passed, from time to time, deserted cabins and camps, and some places that might once have been called settlements: Elk Garden, where the pioneers of the last four years had been wont to lay in a simple supply of seed corn and Irish potatoes; and the spot where Henderson and his company had camped on the way to establish Boonesboro two years before. And at last we struck the trace that mounted upward to the Gateway itself.

TO BE CONTINUED

A PAYING INSTITUTION

AMONG all of Uncle Sam's projects, there is no department which is, proportionately, as great a source of income as the Patent Office, and yet, at the same time, no branch of the Government owes its origin to a more beneficent purpose. In the earliest days of the colonies the now proverbial Yankee proclivity for invention was recognized as a possibly important factor in the improvement of conditions in the New World, and when the colonists had secured the right to enact laws for their own government this question was one of the first to be considered. President Washington, in his first address to Congress, 1790, called attention to the matter and urged the expediency of giving effectual encouragement to the exertions of skill and genius in the production of new and useful inventions, and from this suggestion came the present American patent system, which, as one writer on international law has said, "is generally recognized by the most profound students of our institutions, both at home and abroad, to have contributed more than any other one thing to the pre-eminence of this country in the industrial arts and in manufactures." It is only within the archives of the Patent Office that one is able to obtain anything like a correct idea of the wide range of the inventive ingenuity of the American people; for up to the present time nearly seven hundred thousand patents have been issued, while the receipts of the department are so much greater than its expenditures that the balance in the Treasury on account of the patent fund now exceeds five million dollars.

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A Review of Notable Events

POPE LEO XIII., who had made so notable a figure in a quarter-century of the world's history, distinguished the year of 1903 as the most illustrious of men to die in it. The end came on July 20, after an illness which was a peaceful ceasing to be. He was buried five days later, amid the universal sorrow of civilization. The Papal Conclave chose as his successor, on August 4, Giuseppe Sarto, Patriarch of Venice, an election universally approved. After five days he was crowned in St. Peter's in the presence of seventy thousand people.

Almost with the end of the year, passed Herbert Spencer, recognized as the intellectual king of the time. The English philosopher and the spiritual ruler of the Catholic Church, although divergent as the poles in their following, and their attitudes toward life, were the most conspicuous of the year's death roll of famous men. Cardinal Vaughan, head of the Catholic Church in England, died in June.

Among statesmen, Spain lost former Premier Sagasta, and the Duke of Tetuan, formerly Minister of Foreign Affairs. England had to mourn the death of her great Premier, the Marquis of Salisbury. Russia was bereft of Vice-Admiral Tyntoff, Minister of Marine. The American Navy roll of honor is briefier by the names of such heroes as Rear-Admirals Belknap, Gherardi, Wildes, and White, and the army no longer musters the names of Generals "Baldy" Smith and Schuyler Hamilton.

Paul du Chailu, M. de Biowitz, Paul Blouet (Max O'Rell), and Julian Ralph are names widely known in the literature of action. Phil May, James McNeill Whistler, Sibyl Sanderson, and W. E. Henley have left gaps in the world of artistic endeavor.

Pomp and War

The pomp of rulers opened the New Year with gorgeous ceremony. On January 1 the coronation of Edward VII as King of Great Britain and Emperor of India was formally proclaimed at Delhi. More than sixteen thousand prisoners were released to commemorate the Durbar, and the assemblage of native rulers and their barbaric splendor made the event one of the century's historic events.

On this side of the world, the year opened with a war cloud hovering over South America. On January 17, a Venezuelan fort was bombarded by the German gunboat *Panther*; ten days later other German war vessels punished other land defenses. There was much excited talk in the United States about the Monroe Doctrine. But on February 13 protocols providing for a peaceful settlement of the Venezuelan controversy were signed in Washington by Great Britain, Germany, and Italy. Two days later the allied blockade was raised.

On January 21 Colonel Arthur Lynch was sentenced to death by English justice for high treason in joining the Boer army. The sentence was commuted to life imprisonment.

The Panama Canal Treaty between the United States and Colombia was signed at Washington on January 22. After months of delay, the Colombian Government refused to ratify it, on September 17. The Isthmus of Panama had long been restive, and when the news of the treaty rejection was received, revolt from Colombia was planned. It was expeditiously and neatly accomplished without bloodshed on November 3. The new republic was immediately recognized by the United States and a Canal Treaty easily negotiated.

The Alaska Question Settled

A treaty between the United States and Great Britain, providing for a mixed commission to decide the disputed Alaska boundary was signed in Washington on January 24. The Commission sat in London, and reached a decision on October 17, granting to the United States its chief contentions, and a strip of 60 miles of coast which Canada had claimed.

One of the most important events in recent English history was the passing of the Irish Land Bill. The measure was fathered by George Wyndham, Secretary for Ireland, in Parliament on March 25. The amended plan adopted later provides that the Government shall buy land in Ireland from the present owners and sell it to the present tenants. The net cost to British taxpayers is estimated at less than a million dollars a year. The bill has been called the industrial salvation of Ireland.

A grand visiting tour among his fellow rulers of the Continent was made by King Edward in April. He went to Rome to meet King Victor Emmanuel, and was received by President Loubet in Paris. Not to be outdone, Emperor William visited Rome in May.

On April 23, a British expedition in Somaliland was defeated in a severe engagement with the forces of the Mad Mullah. One hundred and ninety officers and men were killed and many wounded. In the same month Captain Pershing of the American army in the Philippines captured several Moro forts in a brilliant campaign, and killed a hundred of the enemy with slight loss.

European Tragedies

President Roosevelt and former President Cleveland were the guests of honor at the dedication ceremonies of the buildings of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis. In June President Roosevelt ordered Postmaster-General Payne to make a thorough investigation of alleged corruption on a huge scale in his department. These reports were amply sustained, and the investigation resulted during the year in indictments against

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nearly all the chiefs of bureaus in the Post-Office service. The scandals loomed as the foremost political issue of the year.

The one great political tragedy of the year was the midnight upheaval in Belgrade on June 11, in which King Alexander of Serbia, Queen Draga, her two brothers, Premier Markovitch, and the Minister of War were assassinated by army conspirators. Prince Peter Karageorgevich was proclaimed king by the army and a provisional government formed. He accepted the crown.

Two months before this, however, another Continental horror had focused the attention of civilization. On three days of April, scores of Jewish residents of Kishineff in Russia were murdered by mobs, many more injured, their houses looted and destroyed. The Russian Government was blamed for alleged connivance in the plot, and a protest signed by representative citizens of the United States was sent to Washington. The Russian Government refused to receive it and the massacre ceased to be an international incident.

The Unhappy Balkans

Macedonia was a seat of turmoil, slaughter, and rumors of war through the greater part of the year. The situation became acute during August when the Russian Consul at Monastir was murdered by a Turkish soldier, and Russian warships went from the Black Sea into Turkish waters. Harrowing reports of massacres by Turkish troops and a statement sent by Bulgaria to the European Powers caused them to send a strong protest to the Sultan, urging reforms which he promised to carry out. Through the spring and summer the tales of slaughter increased, and the uprising in Macedonia gathered strength. There were severe engagements between large bodies of insurgents and Turkish troops. An American squadron was ordered to Beirut in August. There were grave fears of war between Turkey and Bulgaria, but the new year opens with the volcano of Europe still smoking furiously without definite eruption.

In the Far East a more serious and imminent crisis threatens the world's peace, and the balance of power over nearly half the globe. Russia and Japan have talked war since the forces of the Czar overran Manchuria under pretext of maintaining order during the Boxer uprising three years ago, although the beginning goes back to the taking of Port Arthur by the Russians after the war between Japan and China. October 8 was the date on which Russia promised formally to evacuate Manchuria and restore its government to China. The "Manchurian convention lapsed," or, in plain language, Russia broke her word. Since then both nations have been assuming a war footing as rapidly as possible. Japan because Russia in Manchuria means that the Bear will swallow Korea sooner or later, and with it the buffer between Japan and a resistless tide of armed invasion.

Mr. Chamberlain's Campaign

England has been in the throes of "fiscalitis," or political turmoil, over the problem of free trade versus a modified protective tariff, since the issue was thrown to the front by the resignation of Joseph Chamberlain as Colonial Secretary, on September 17. No single political utterance has for many years caused so nearly universal discussion or stirred political feeling so deeply throughout the whole British Empire as Mr. Chamberlain's proposal of a customs union of the mother countries and the British colonies. Prime Minister Balfour practically committed himself to the policy. But Chamberlain followed the more logical and courageous course by leaving the Cabinet to push his propaganda. He wishes to put an import tariff on goods from all countries not under the British flag, to bind the Empire closer by economic ties. But it is the opening wedge of a protective policy. Conservative England shudders at thought of where the matter may end, and Chamberlain begins the year of 1904 the most unpopular and the most admired man in the British Empire from the factional viewpoints.

In March, floods along the Mississippi Valley began to cause great loss of life and property. The river reached the greatest height ever known at New Orleans. The most destructive floods were delayed until May. Then a hundred persons perished in Kansas and Missouri, and along the Missouri River thousands were made homeless. The property losses at Kansas City and Topeka were \$17,000,000. On June 8, the breaking of the levees near St. Louis caused a harrowing loss of life, and two days later a hundred persons perished in the overflow which covered East St. Louis. The first two weeks of June were singularly crowded with disaster. Besides the unprecedented floods, a tornado at Gainesville, Georgia, slew a hundred victims, a cloudburst at Clifton, South Carolina, claimed fifty dead and \$3,500,000 damage, and five hundred persons were drowned in a cloudburst at Heppner, Oregon. In the same week with these tragedies, two hundred perished by the breaking of a steamer's gangplank at Azof, Russia. Later in June, the levees of the Louisiana cotton country gave way, and five thousand of the farming population were made destitute.

The Year's Disasters

On May 24, six persons were killed and many injured in the International Automobile race from Paris to Madrid. The contest was stopped by the French and Spanish Governments.

In August, a hurricane devastated the Island of Jamaica, killing fifty people and destroying \$25,000,000 worth of property. In the same month, more than one hundred Parisians were killed in the burning of an underground electric train.

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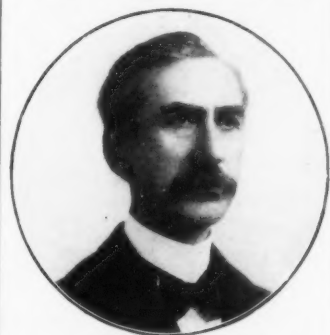
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